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The Queen
Who Unmanned
Men
SEE
PAGE 6

GIFT RAPT



A gal like Eve Lynch would be a swingin' gift for any guy. And though she's rapt in wrappins' you just can't tie her for looks. So tie into the beauty bevy you'll find here in ACE.

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COVER PHOTO by Ron Vogel

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Down through the ages, women have found many ways to emasculate the male animal.

Here is the story of the mad Queen who started it. She made eunuchs.

THE QUEEN WHO UNMANNED MEN

A WOMAN started it. Her name was Semiramis, Queen of Ancient Babylon. She is said to have been the first human being to conceive the fiendish idea of depriving males of their manhood by using the knife. The mass manufacture of eunuchs was this historic lady's most absorbing hobby. Her name, appropriately enough, is the Greek form of her Assyrian name, Shammu-ra-mut, meaning "The Dove."

Any female in history who behaved less like a dove than this queenly pervert would be hard to find. A confirmed nymphomaniac with the figure and looks of a goddess, she had the power and wealth to satisfy every desire, and she did so without stint. A constant procession of virile and handsome young men trooped through her bed chamber, only to be deprived, a few hours later, of their most indisputable claim to masculinity.

Variety in the boudoir was the spice of life to the insatiable Semiramis, and the scores of eligible young males she gobbled up were afterwards forcibly recruited into her army of slave eunuchs.

Castration in Babylon became a fine art as a result of the constant practice available to the Queen's surgeons, who were always on duty behind her bedroom door. She had originated a depraved mutilation of the male body which was to become one of the most evil aspects of slavery throughout the world. Since her time, it has been carried out as a matter of routine on slave men and boys of Eastern countries to fit them for certain purposes, chief of which is to guard and service members of the harem.

Modern medical men say the idea of castrating her lovers probably occurred to Semiramis the Dove be-



cause of her unconscious but almost insane craving to cast off her femininity and become a man. Her reign sparkles with achievements normally associated only with ruthless and powerful kings. She built Babylon and the famous Hanging Gardens. She planned warlike campaigns and led her armies in successful battles. She built great and noble monuments which still stand today, carved highways across arid desert and constructed dams and aqueducts to irrigate the land.

She achieved many of those things which are normally confined to a man's field of endeavor, but she could never achieve full masculine stature because she had been born a woman. Therefore she hit upon the most intense expression of jealousy and hatred it is possible to inflict upon a man—the deprivation

of the coveted masculine appendages which she could never possess in spite of her wealth and power.

Other male rulers of the time, always plagued by illicit pregnancies among the women of their harems, soon realized that here was an answer to their problems. From then on the male slaves who administered to the needs of the harem women were castrated at an early age, so that even if they did have the audacity to try to satisfy the natural cravings of their charges, no conception was possible and the normal routine of the harem would not be disrupted by the birth of children who were not of royal blood.

These deflowered men were called eunuchs, or "guardians of the bed."

The problem of the natural needs of the harem women in relation to sexual experience was a very real one, since from the age of five upwards they had been trained for only one (continued on page 58)

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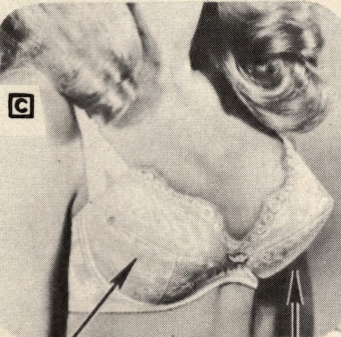
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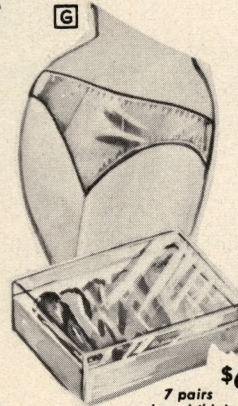
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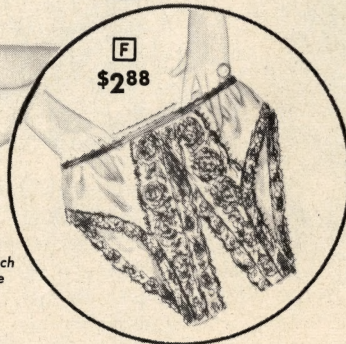
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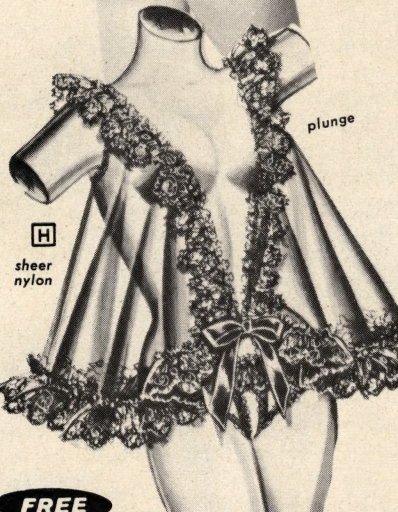
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Lace Sleep Suit! One-piece chemise lends lightest control in beautiful French-patterned Nylon Stretch Lace. Built-in Sleep Bra shapes her all night long. Detachable snap-crotch. Black, White or Nude. Size "A" fits 30-36; Size "B" fits 38-42. \$3.99

F #3-4475 MIGHTY
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This brief, brief pantie has no crotch at all! Nothing but lovely-lovely lace! High-cut legs leave little to the imagination. Elastic waist... lace, and more lace trim, wouldn't you know it's a copy of a Continental Import. Nylon, White, Black or Red. Waist sizes 23 to 30 inches. \$2.88

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Something for Nothing

RIBALD CLASSIC

Translated By BETTY RILEY

A classic example of what happens when a greedy and unscrupulous woman decides to profit at the expense of her husband and his friends.



LONG ago, in the ancient romantic city of Milan, there was a German soldier named Gulfardo who fell passionately in love with the wife of his friend, a wealthy merchant named Guasparruolo. Being a veteran well seasoned in matters of love, as well as in battle, handsome Gulfardo was able to conceal his love for the tempting Madonna Ambrugia from all who knew him, and especially from his merchant friend Guasparruolo. By the greatest of stealth, Gulfardo contrived one day to speak alone with the lovely object of his inflamed desires, Ambrugia. Fervently, he beseeched her to receive his love, vowing that he, for his part, was committed by his smitten condition to do anything that she might demand of him. He must have her, he declared, or die of longing.

The beauteous lady Ambrugia, after listening to his declarations of love, and after much feminine bantering of mundane things, came at last to her decision at his proposal. She would, she agreed, submit to Gulfardo's carnal wishes—but only on two conditions. Her first demand, reasonable by any standards, thought Gulfardo, was that nobody should ever be told of the affair should it take place. And the second, she boldly set forth, was that Gulfardo should pay her the sum of two hundred gold florins, for which she had dire need for reasons she was loathe to divulge. If Gulfardo would agree to these two requests, she promised, she would be at his disposal at any time he so desired.

Gulfardo was taken aback by her second demand. Oh, it was not the amount of gold florins she demanded! Since he consistently repaid any sum of money loaned to him, Gulfardo, known throughout Milan for his honesty, was always able to find any number of merchants eager to lend him money at a low rate of interest. So, raising the money was no real problem.

No, thought Gulfardo, it was the woman's evident greed that threatened to cool his ardor! Believing her

to be a hot-blooded Milanese, as eager as he himself for the affair to commence, her display of avarice turned his searing love to a burning desire to punish the lady, to teach her a lesson she would not soon forget.

With this plan in mind, Gulfardo feigned continuing love and informed her that he would gladly meet both conditions to the letter—and everything else she was of a mind to propose, so enamored of her was he! She had only to let him know when it would be safe for him to come to her, and he would live only for that moment. And he would, he further promised, bring the two hundred gold florins with him. For his part, Gulfardo insisted upon only one condition: that he would be allowed to bring with him his trusted confidant, without whom he seldom made a move—and who could be trusted to serve as a lookout for the lovers.

Madonna Ambrugia, her greedy heart filled with luring visions of the gold more than by thoughts of love and dalliance, let it be known to Gulfardo that her husband would depart in a few days to Genoa, there to conduct some vital business. When the time was ripe, she promised temptingly, she would send word for him to come to her. And so the stage was set.

Gulfardo, determined to carry through his promise to chastise the lady, went at once to a wealthy merchant and asked for the loan of two hundred gold florins. Without so much as a moment's hesitation, the merchant, knowing Gulfardo's reputation for honesty, counted out the required amount of gold. A few days later, when Guasparruolo finally made his departure for Genoa, his wife did, true to her promise, send word to Gulfardo that the coast was clear and that he and the two hundred florins should hasten to her at once!

Gulfardo, together with his trusted friend, hurried forthwith to the lady's house. Playing on her greed and her taste for intrigue, Gulfardo immediately handed her the two hundred

(continued p. 74)

THE NIGHT CLERK KNEW HOW...

Harold Dail was a night clerk in a hotel in Barstow, California. It was the kind of dead-end job that traps many a good man.

But Dail wasn't content to let things continue like that. He had a plan. He knew something most men don't know. And, when a big furniture store burned in Long Beach, he proved it.

Dail turned up at the scene of the fire and, in just the next five days, earned a check for \$4,275.00!

What did Harold Dail know that was worth so much money so fast? He simply knew how to investigate accidents and adjust insurance claims.

He knew how—not from experience—but through study of lessons-by-mail from Universal School of Dallas, Texas.

When the big chance came, Dail was able to quickly handle the fire loss at the furniture store strictly on the basis of information and step-by-step directions in his Universal lessons.

After that, of course, Dail wasn't long for the night-clerking business. He went on to bigger things in the Accident Investigation field. Today, he lives on his own ranch in Arizona.

The story of Harold Dail is unusual and his earnings well above average, but it does show the great potential in this field for able men.

Like hundreds of others, Dail completely changed his life and his future simply by taking the time to find out

a few things about the booming accident investigation field.

By sending for a free book of facts from Universal Schools, Dail and men all over the country have learned that accident investigation is just about the ideal job.

This multi-billion dollar field is one of the fastest-growing businesses open today, with an urgent need for men everywhere.



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The big advantage in Universal's home study course is that a man can learn and earn while keeping right on with his present job. There's no need to quit or switch jobs.

In fact, many men keep right on with spare-time accident investigation and bring in extra paychecks of \$50 to \$100 a week and more.

Others start their own businesses right in their own homes with almost no expense, and earn \$5 to \$8 an hour. Others go to work for big companies with good pay, car furnished and expenses paid.

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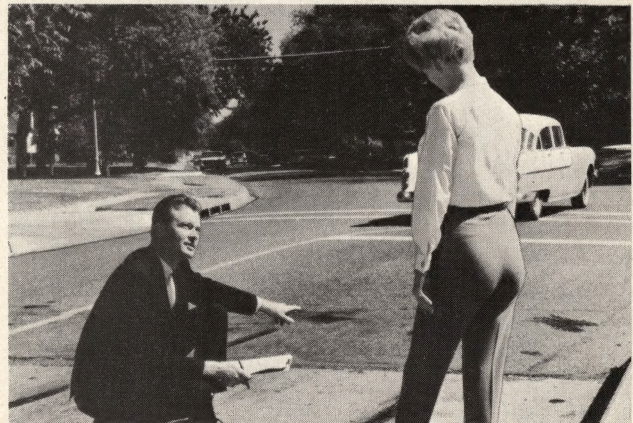
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Hundreds of men we have trained are earning fine incomes in a professional career right now. Joe Miller earns \$20,000 a year. A. J. Knight earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. While these are unusually high earnings, they do show the great potential in this field for able men.

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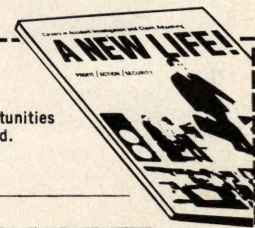
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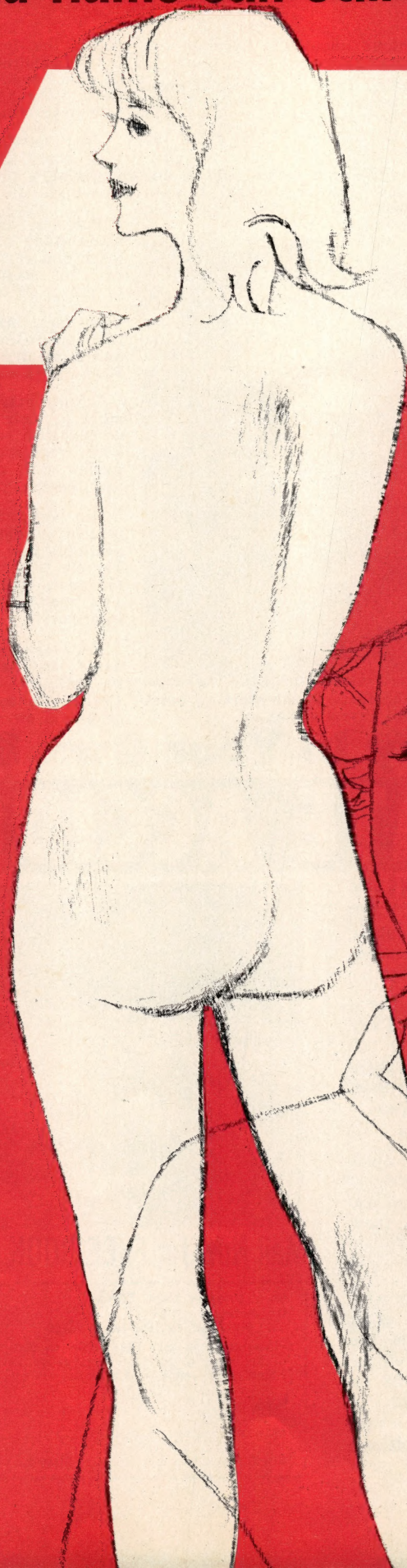


An old flame can still burn you if you are

FICTION

BY ERNIE GOLD

THE



too quick to light up with a new match.

MISTRESS SWAP

MR. Broderick had made the trip to the beachside cabin for twenty-two years, now. It was a short drive from his sprawling estate to the cabin, but it had become a sacred ritual. Alice, his devoted wife, suspected him of playful meandering, but she neither stopped or protested because she realized her husband had the unique energy and vitality of eight younger men. It would have been pure folly for her to try to control his pulsating need for a mistress. Being a sensible and an understanding woman, Alice knew that she could satisfy only a small portion of his need. She made no outrageous scene over the recent disappearance of \$1,500. Mr. Broderick could well afford the high price of pleasure.

The red limousine sped along the rocky shoreline at a steady speed of 40 mph. Twenty-two years! Mr. Broderick reflected with a broad smile. Well . . . almost twenty-two years. There was that one year when Darlene had gone to Atlantic City. It had been a long and lonely year for Mr. Broderick, but then she had returned and things had gone back to normal.

Twenty-two years!

The smile faded from Mr. Broderick's face. Today he was in no rush to get to the beachside cabin. He felt like a man poised at the entrance of a refrigerated room crusted with ice. Today he would tell Darlene that her long and enduring friendship must come to an abrupt end. He would give her a check to ease the blow. Mr. Broderick hoped that she would be able to find another gentleman, an older gentleman who would appreciate her big city sophistication and her supreme knowledge in the art of making a man deliriously sick with desire.

Mr. Broderick had seen it coming three months ago. The thrill was gone. She still maintained an eye-appealing body, but her springiness had deserted her. It was a hard and terrible thing to admit to himself, but Mr. Broderick thought it best to search out another mistress, though he sincerely doubted that he would find another such as Darlene.

The beachside cabin lay on a secluded part of the shoreline, surrounded and shaded from the sun by trees. Mr. Broderick braked his car to a stop a few yards in front of the cabin. Sitting inside the car, he glanced toward the beach, beyond the trees. He squinted with a concentrated gaze of disbelief. Was his mind playing tricks? he wondered, mildly alarmed at the kaleidoscope vision he just witnessed.

Then he saw her again . . . for a brief second. She ran from the beach toward the water, stark-naked, while the sun blazed on her copperlike skin. Finally she splashed into the pounding surf. He could detect her blonde head bobbing up and down in the water.

Excited interest and intrigue swirled through Mr. Broderick. His blood congealed and the murmur of his heart increased. Mr. Broderick had thought himself as being beyond the undignified level of a common Peeping Tom, but his surging impulses to catch a candid look at the girl in the water was beyond his self-control. He had to take one good look!

Mr. Broderick weaved his way toward the edge of the clearing, where he concealed himself behind the broad protection of one of the trees . . . and watched the girl.

The girl came out of the water a few minutes later. Rivulets of water dripped from her body as she walked toward an outstretched blanket. She walked with feline grace and sureness of footing.

Mr. Broderick had never before seen such a magnificently built female. Her proportions were perfect. He walked across the sand and stood looking down at her nude body stretched on the blanket before his lusting eyes.

Her eyes were closed against the glare of the sun. Her red tipped breasts rose and fell easily. He licked his lips and sank down beside her.

She didn't seem frightened. Opening her eyes and turning on her side, facing him, she smiled, "I saw you peeking at me from behind those trees, you don't have to be bashful with me, Honey, my (*continued p. 72*)



A far cry from the handsome, virile looking hero, here's the innocuous looking "Alfie" boy with his current "bird," Camilla Sparve.

MICHAEL CAINE:

**ONE ACTOR
WHO LIKES TO
GET THE "BIRD"**



He's got millions of girls eager to fall over backwards for the Alfie (love 'em and leave 'em) type—but he's determined that his own daughter doesn't do it!

THERE he stands, six feet two, with blond hair and myopic, heavy-lidded blue eyes that peer from behind thick-lensed horn-rimmed glasses. In two short years his arrogant, earthy portrayals of lowborn chaps has collected him half a million bucks, yet he has hardly dug a spade into the fantastic gelatin-Golconda that began with such films as "The Ipcress File," and "Funeral in Berlin." He is one of the hottest movie properties around, commanding \$500,000 a picture; his talent has been acclaimed by tough critics; he is also a sex symbol, which easily explains—if one is seeking the easy explanation—why everybody *knows* him. If you're one of the few outlanders who don't know him, meet the Cinderella Man of Today, Michael Caine.

Obviously, this is the Year of the Cockney. There is Twiggy, and there is Terence Stamp, up front in the vanguard of a proletarian revolution of *le artists and les artistes* that started 10 years or so ago when John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" showed that the working class had class. Since then it's been working class all the way with painters like David Hockney, clothes designers like Mary Quant, stage designers like Sean Kenny, film directors like Sidney Furie and John Schlesinger, choreographers like Kenneth MacMillan, pop singers like the Beatles and Tom Jones and, of course, the actors with proletarian backgrounds—Tom Courtenay, Peter O'Toole, Richard Burton (he's still young enough to qualify), Richard Harris and Albert Finney.

No one typifies the New Order of masculine sexual virility more than does Michael Caine, a cocky cockney who cut himself loose from family tradition, refused

Altho films like "Funeral In Berlin" (below) helped establish the Caine image as a sort of anti-hero ladies man, it was as Alfie (left, with Shirley Ann Field) in the movie of the same name that he made his strongest impression.



to be absorbed into the 200 years of fish peddling his ancestors followed in London's sea food market of Billingsgate. Instead, Caine chose the entertainment world where he ultimately delivered a formidable clout to the chops of the caste-promulgated idea of an Englishman as a tea drinker who kept a stiff upper lip no matter the circumstance and invariably dressed for dinner, even in the jungles.

In retrospect, Caine seems destined to be the guy who's put the capper on the venerable, epicene image of the Establishment. Like Twiggy, he is a Cockney, a product of London's East End slums. The Cockney speaks very rapidly, with a thick accent. ("Aioww. Hi hain't got wot you calls a figger, har I?" asks Twiggy, whose genuinely Cockney voice makes the efforts of Julie Andrews and Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittles the palpable phonies they were.) Both Twiggy and Michael Caine epitomize a whole class and generation.

To be a true Cockney means being born within the sound of a certain church's bells, called Bow Bells, after the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow Church in Cheapside. In this area the Cockney lives, works, loves and dies. He is a breed unique, humans inured to poverty but never defeated by it. Cockneys are proud and funny and tough and they refuse to take anything or anybody seriously, perhaps because for hundreds of years *they* weren't taken seriously by middle class and upper class Britons.

But they are today! In spades. The new talent, such as Michael Caine, is changing the image. This is particularly true in acting. At one time Americans thought all English actors had a touch of lavender. The impres-

continued

sion had a great deal of validity. But it doesn't hold true today with the new actors from the working class. After his rave-getting performance as an upper-class English officer in "Zulu," Michael Caine was shown a cable from an American studio interested in signing him. The cable asked, "Is Michael Caine a fag?"

"I told my bosses to tell them I have no need to change gears," Caine says, adding, "I like to think Terry Stamp and I started the trend toward girls."

Caine and Stamp, as well as the other rebels, did more than reinstitute wenching. They became the symbol of the British proletariat that invented the unions and gave Winston Churchill some of the best infantrymen his country has ever produced.

Caine is the coolest of this new breed of sweating, cut-your-own-nails- and to-hell-with-cologne- the-smell-is-my body- actors. His being a Cockney to boot has really upset the Establishment, which never dreamed one of the "Untouchables" of the markets and the slums could emerge as a stylish trend setter and a sex symbol—instead of a comedy relief.

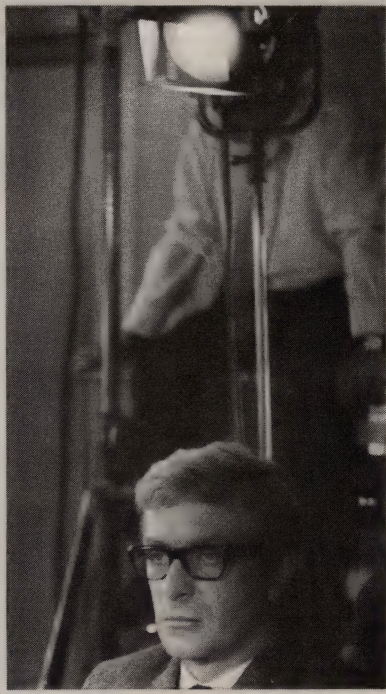
Caine knows he helped change the whole class bit, and is happy when other people recognize it. Producer Harry Saltzman is one who did. Saltzman, seeking a leading man for "The Ipcress File" was impressed by Caine's work in "Zulu." Introduced to Caine at a London restaurant, the American producer said, "You look like a man with three balls," and, after a drink, hired the actor for "Ipcress" and also got him to agree to doing two pictures a year for five years. After which Caine finished his drink and returned to his table.

In keeping with his true character as a character, Caine entered in no involved negotiations. "Ipcress" made him a star and, later, he entrenched himself even more solidly with "Alfie," a rich, ripe, randy portrait of a lecherous, boastful young Cockney bed-hopper. The film also received a special award at the Cannes Film Festival. This tribute so infuriated French critics that they sent a joint letter to the judges suggesting they give themselves a "vulgarity award."

Caine had a ready answer for the critics. "The French have always been prudish," he announced, "but with Mme. de Gaulle they're worse. They hated the abortion scene. It was too strong and too real for them. I did "Alfie" because it had a valid moral statement to make."

It was only natural that after "Alfie" Caine would be tabbed as

**"Now that I'm a
star, beautiful
women surround me.
Well, my attitude
is: use them before
they use you!"**



a real-life "Alfie." Interview after interview stressed his energetic, omnivorous sex life. Although Caine says that interviewers seize on his every mention of a girl as a hook for their stories, he accepts his status as a major international sex star with diffident ambivalence.

"I remember Frank Sinatra saying if he'd had the affairs he'd been credited with he'd be in a jar in a Harvard laboratory," Caine says. "I don't say I'd be in a jar yet, but I'd be well on the way."

Where women are concerned he has very definite ideas. "I don't believe in the myth of the golden-hearted prostitute," he told an interviewer. "If a whore had a heart of gold, she'd sell it. The greatest quality a woman can have is respect for herself, especially sexually. For that reason I never go out with scrubbers (prostitutes). Scrubbers are dirty in body and mind and they have no self-respect."

Caine is quick to deny that he hasn't had an active sex life. Yet he says *love* is the great incentive, not sex. One of his favorite stories is losing his virginity, at 15, to an older woman who propositioned him in a park.

"I accepted," he recalls. "She was very understanding and nice about it, even though she satisfied me, and I didn't satisfy her. After all, I didn't know the first thing about sex then. It took me two years to realize that if I wanted to get "birds" I had to learn how to talk to them and had to go out after them. I realized they weren't going to come after me."

"When I came out of the Army at 20, I became a bit of a lad. I really tried to increase the list, because I wanted more girls than the next man."

His lewd intentions never really got under way. When he came out of the Army, after doing his National Service a year in West Berlin and one in Korea, Caine fell madly in love with an actress, a good looking, blonde leading lady in a repertory company. Her name was Patricia Highsmith. The marriage curbed his urges, but as a marriage it didn't pan out. He and Patricia separated after three years and one child. She has since remarried. The marriage years were made memorable after Caine became a star, when his ex-wife told her story to a London weekly. In a tale replete with bitterness she blamed Caine for the marriage's failure, pointing out that he kept trying to make it as an actor and wouldn't give up—as she thought he should do.

In what, for Caine, was a tempered statement (his candid comments generally enrage their subjects) he said: "Honestly, I think Patsy's a fine woman. I always did. I got married too young."

While he conceivably might have married too early, success didn't arrive ahead of schedule or easily. His father, a fish porter, like his father, (*continued on page 61*)



If you felt you were seeing stars when your eyes hit this page, the reason is clear. She's Ginger Haven and her count-down is 38-24-36. So that makes her . . .

A HAVEN-LY BODY

Ginger would love to be an astronette. "Can't you imagine the thrill of orbiting in for a soft landing on Venus?" she asked. We can. We really can.





Our Ginger cookie is an airline hostess whose home base is in Miami, Florida. Now you know the big reason why more men than ever are up in the clouds these days.



The airborne beauty doesn't need LSD to take a trip. She has been in Paris, Rome and London, too.

Her favorite outdoor sports are swimming, skiing, fox hunting and — in season — football players.

"On Liberty Beach, in France, most swimmers go nude," Ginger said. Did she go nude? "What do you think?" was her answer.





She says it is not true that airline hostesses have more fun than anyone. "I think models do," Ginger declared. That was before these glamor pix were taken for ACE, however. With them, spicy Ginger became both airline hostess AND model. VROOOOOOOM!



When two lovers become involved in a murder plot,
the tie that binds can become a chain-reaction that sets off
a series of surprises—and a lot can happen.

BETWEEN THE URGE AND THE ACT

THE small red motor boat cruised the harbor at Catalina Island as though its lone occupant had no purpose in mind. He was a tall, ruggedly handsome young man dressed in blue denim jacket and pants and wearing a yachting cap. He gazed at the circling, crying seagulls as though he had not a care in the world. He swung the boat around and slowed it to a crawl. His grey eyes shifted slowly, viewing the retaining wall fronting the red domed casino, examining, evaluating each of the strollers. Apparently satisfied, he opened the throttle and headed toward the group of yachts riding at anchor in the wide curve of the harbor. He tied the motorboat to one of the large boats and, after another long look at the shoreline, stripped off his outer clothing. In bathing trunks, he swam to a large white power cruiser anchored nearby. It appeared to be as deserted as the other boats. Quickly, he climbed aboard. Crouching down, as though afraid he might still be observed, he crossed the deck and opened the cabin door.

On a shore road which wound up into the hills overlooking the harbor, a blue Volkswagen was parked. The heavy-set, middle aged man behind the steering wheel lowered the binoculars from his face and replaced them with mirrored sun glasses. His thick lips were wet and twitched in a brief smile of satisfaction. Grunting, he lifted the attache case from the floor and laid it on the empty seat. He opened the lid.

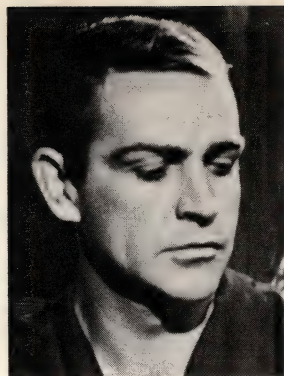
Thirty yards behind the Volkswagen, a short, wiry man in a blue and white cabana outfit pretended to watch the grey poodle he had on a leash as the dog made a careful inspection of a tree. The young man talked to the dog but his small black eyes were covertly trained on the blue car and its driver.

Ellen Carpenter ran across the cabin of the plush yacht and into the arms of the dripping wet swimmer. "Mike, darling, I was so worried. It's past noon."

(Continued on page 54)



"You Only Live Twice" was chock full of Oriental intrigue and intriguing Orientals. But yummy Yoki preferred not to make the scene. And she told us why.



JAMES BOND'S



"I read the script," Yoki said, "and it was everywhere sex. As Sake Mao has said, *Too much sex is no sex.*" Mao might be right (it's the sort of thing most of us never get a chance to prove) but, looking at Yoki, we still think she could have added a lot to that movie!

When in Japan for the filming of "You Only Live Twice," Sean Connery saw and admired Yoki Tamura many times before he learned that she is Nippon's No. 1 Nudie Model. And when Yoki turned down a role in the movie, James Bond learned how it feels to be the spy who's left out in the cold!

SPICIEST ORIENTAL DISH

See next page

Along the same lines (Yoki's), there's another old saying she makes look silly. It's the one that says an Oriental girl can't put up a good front. But, of course, Yoki is outstanding.





Those words "Made In Japan" have become highly respected lately. Yuki makes them even more so.



The quaint custom of her country called the "communal bath," Yuki reveals her full Nipponese charms.

"Now that I've seen that James Bond movie," Yuki said, "I know I did the right thing. There are so many girls, you cannot remember them apart!" When you are the No. 1 nudie, you can't stand being No. 2 in a movie!



THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE ROME



"I never saw anybody crawl so fast as our little Mercury—just wait 'till he learns to run."



"Sorry, old fellow—three's company, four's a crowd."



"Cassius is tiring—Petronius, go in for Cassius!"



"Come on, Cleo—you promised us the last orgy."

How The Mighty Have Fallen

FICTION BY V. G. RECKORD

Even a cool swinger like Blake can go down for the count when the right chick hits him with a double-ring ceremony.



BLAKE was an expert. He knew the game and played it like a pro. When it came to landing girls, Andy the bartender referred to Blake as Mr. L. Wolf—"L" for Lone, because that's how Blake operated. The recent trend, he knew, was towards partnerships and group tackle, but he disdained this. He could get anything in a skirt single-handed. And it wasn't just at Andy's either, where he was used to the clientele. He could do it anywhere.

Five-ten and stocky, Blake sat at the bar hunched over a glass of beer. Except for a comment to Andy on how warm it was for spring, and repeating his order occasionally, Blake was silent. He was musing, somewhat cynically, on his retirement from the game.

Thirty-two, and washed-up—when only two months ago he had set a record at Andy's by making eight successive conquests in one night. Andy had bet him that he couldn't top some fellow who'd been boasting about scoring five times the night before. In top form, picking his victims like a green-grocer who knows his fruit, Blake had steered eight girls to his pad to prove he was superior.

True, he had gone all the way with only four of them, but to keep the record straight he'd gotten all of them to say "yes" before tossing the undesirables back into the sea. Afterwards, there were four customers who returned to Andy's thinking they were failures and not understanding why.

Now, Blake was in retirement. He had been forced into it a couple weeks back when, on two occasions, even as his dates were lying on the couch—raring to go—he had found himself unable to summon up the drive to begin the final round. The jaded feeling had persisted the rest of the week and he'd decided it was time for a rest.

So, at present, a mere onlooker, Blake kept punching the theme from "Secret Agent Man" on the juke-box beside him, and watching the action.

The action: the come-ons, the put-downs, the sparring, the experts at work. The game being played—always at fever pitch, no holds barred—was SEX. Play was between mini-skirted, pant-suited, liquor-consuming girls and smooth, well-pressed, mint-breathed men. The rules called for getting as much as possible while giving little; success was reckoned by the number of times one scored per night. The game was swift, impersonal.

Over the dim of chatter and high-pitched laughter, like little winds seeking individual recognition, Blake detected Andy's voice with his joke of the week. "Ever heard," the red face was saying, "of the gal who called up the police one night and said, 'I've cornered a sex maniac in my apartment. Could you come and pick him up—in the morning?' . . . hee, hee."

Another thing Blake's ears picked up was a conversation two couples away from him. It was a trick which had helped make him a winner in the sex bazaar on New York's First Avenue strip. He'd check the couples in a room; if the man took more than ten to fifteen minutes to clinch a deal it meant his technique was faulty. So Blake would "tune in" to their conversation and work out a solution. Then he'd walk over, apply his theory and walk off with the girl. Simple, if you're Blake.

The girl sitting four seats away had already put down two experts working together. A third contender was already in play, but he was getting nowhere. Blake listened. The man's approach was commendable, but the girl with shiny black hair and face pointed like a cat's, just ignored him.

Blake beckoned to Andy. "Who's she?" he asked, jerking his head towards the girl. "And what's her business?"

"Don't know," replied the barman. "Doesn't seem anxious for present business either."

"A new comer, probably. Too naive to take bait."

Andy leaned closer, pretending to mop the bar. "Naw. New to the spot, maybe, but not the life. She just asked me for some Tobe or other. You know how they are when they're stalling for the right proposition—pretending they're waiting for friends. . . ."

Someone shouted for service, and Andy turned away.

So that was her game? Blake was interested. Who did the broad think she was? If he hadn't chucked the game. . . . The man standing beside the girl suddenly gave up. Shaking his head, plainly puzzled, he went back to his table with his drink.

Hmm, number three didn't make it either, Blake thought. She *must* be a tough cookie. Should he try? He was tempted. Hell, he'd been warming the bench two weeks now, and a man can't stay out of play forever. Besides, maybe the challenge presented by this girl was just the thing he needed to get him going again.

Blake watched the girl toss off the last of her drink. If he was going to make a move he had to act quickly for the drinks she'd been steadily consuming were beginning to turn her eyes glassy. And a drunk dame was no challenge. Blake made his decision, and told Andy to give the girl another of what she'd been drinking.

Andy served her an Old Fashioned and the girl smiled vaguely in Blake's direction. A couple of lines bracketed her mouth. A smile in parenthesis, thought Blake. I like. He wondered how the story read outside the parted lips. He figured the same lines were used for frowning and caught himself hoping that she never had much cause to frown. Hey, this was no way to think before a kill. Sentiment created losers.

Despite that Blake broke another unwritten law. He walked over. This could mean a definite slam down. A girl could immediately get the idea she held the aces and become extremely aggressive. But Blake wasn't playing by the rules.

She was wearing a red eyelet embroidered mini dress, her legs encased in matching boots. He introduced himself.

"The name's Cliff, like in stiff," he said, taking her hand and squeezing it round his tensed forearm. "Blake, like make," he continued. She smiled that smile.

"Take," she said. Still with the smile.

Blake took her arm. "This jungle's too much. Let's find a quiet clearing." This is ridiculous, he thought. Whoever heard of a word-game line? He made a note to tell Andy about it.

But the girl was protesting. She was waiting for her friend, Tobe. So her friend had stood her up. She really shouldn't leave. He was sure (continued on page 69)



We're glad you like
Betta Marsh (it was
her foto on the cover
that made you stop,
look and shell out
your lucre!) because
we think she's super,
too. But no farmer's
daughter, she, despite
the hey-hey look seen
here. So all of you
hired hands with the
itchy palms can go
back to your sow-sow
as we set all signals
on go-go for a candid
uncovering of this
cuddly cover girl.

Even without the hay, Betta is beautifully stacked, as you can tell from this pulsating foto taken in garden.



A HONEY IN THE HAY

"Blessings on thee, little mink, bare-foot girl with cheeks of pink." But, as we said, Betta's not really rural.



In fact, breathtaking Betta really is one of the top models of teenybopper togs in the nation. A very mod miss.

But not the Twiggy type. A sassy 35-23-34, Betta has the kind of limbs a guy would like to branch out with.





Besides being a honey in the (if you don't know where by now, please read the whole bit over again), Betta is also a peach in her pad (a \$300-a-month Manhattan job—and that ain't hay, son!). Here are shots of the mod model in the process of decorating her den. With Betta, natch.



Altho she has modeled topless swim suits (the Rudi Gernreich fashion), Betta is far from being topless herself.

And in miniskirts—man, is she yummy! Betta loves modeling, but thinks having a man pay the rent would be best.





What she means is, she thinks any model who doesn't look to the future is foolish. And if there isn't a husband and children in a girl's future, she's only "half a girl" in Betta's very firm opinion. This chick may not be a farmer's daughter, but her ideas are definitely down-to-earth.

The Town Where Sexy Senoritas Live for Love

ARTICLE BY GREGG JOHNSON



Is it true, *really* true, what they say about Tehuantepec: that there are 8 women to every man; that most of them—the women—are beautiful *and* willing? Don't ask us—ask the author, who went down to Mexico especially to find out!

WHAT is Paradise—I will tell you.

Paradise is all things to all men. To the car buff, it's an endless drag strip girt with Alphas, Romeos, Juliets and all of those sport cars with bottomless gas tanks and topless oil sumps. For the camera nut Paradise is a vast photography store with countless gimmicks and gadgets and nary a price tag in sight and long rows of windows that open on a million shootable scenes whose lighting is controlled by special rheostats. And so for the boating bug, the food faddist, the garden gook and the electro-nik.

But for normal people like myself—who insist that the chassis of a nubile babe is more desirable than anything that ever raced 150 per at Daytona or Salt Flats—*our* Paradise is a place where the women outnumber the men by, say, ten-to-one; where pretty girls bathe publicly in the nude; where teenage lovelies are invariably stacked like budding Sophias and Brigittes; where they welcome virile young American bachelors with open limbs; and where said bachelors can live on thirty bucks a week in a furnished apartment—furnished by a pair or more of paramours eager to make him the happiest of paradisiacs.

Naturally, since we sensualists prefer our heaven to be on earth, I had hoped during my youth and young manhood that I might find such a place and go there while I could still enjoy it. Not until early this year did I hear about the Legend of Tehuantepec—and I knew right away that I'd found my particular brand of paradise—

—*if it turned out to be true*. I mean, Tehuantepec might well be just another Valhalla or Nirvana or Brigadoon and to hell with *that*. I wanted something I could feel, and touch and taste, by the gods!

For the record, here is the Legend: On the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the tequila-filled bottleneck at the southern end of Mexico—live the Zapotec Indians. Since the time of the Conquistadores, the women of the tribe—most of whom resembled Delores del Rio or Katy Jurado—have outnumbered the men by a ratio of 8 to 1. Because of this, or maybe in spite of it, the girls have developed remarkable sexual appetites which are whetted early and sharpened often—by willing visitors desiring a change and rest; these latter are welcomed by both the girls *and* the men—the girls because they need a change and the men because they need a rest. These dusky dolls particularly like blue-eyed crew-cut types from *Estados Unidos* with whom to play Yankee-panky. In keeping with this policy of cementing intra-hemispheric relations, the girls bathe nude in the streams, and if accosted by a passing traveler, invite him but in.

That's the Legend of Tehuantepec. When I heard it, like any other red-blooded American boy of forty, I decided to see what all the shouting was about.

You can drive to Tehuantepec from Mexico City in a day on a good macadam road, and I did it in a Hertz convertible. The road to the Isthmus is spectacular, like the Legend itself. You drop off the high Mexican Plateau onto the Pacific coastal plain and into a jungly land of lush vegetation and scattered pistachio-colored peaks. It's an apt setting where, even before you meet



**A tour of the
place where the
tasty dishes are
all hot tamales.**

SEXY SENORITAS

continued

the Zapotecs, you get a feeling of inner peace. Since this wasn't exactly the kind I had in mind, I drove to the town of Tehuantepec, focal point of whatever I was to find, whether true or false.

It was just before I reached the town itself that the Legend came to vivid, vibrant, vivacious *viva!* It was late afternoon on the auto-less highway and the women were coming home from market. Seeing the parade of lovelies marching two abreast—single file, actually—I was reminded of the old Spanish conquerors who were ordered to ride through this same country without removing their armor. The holes in *that* story are obvious when you realize that most of the present inhabitants are Mestizos rather than Indian or pure Spanish.

This, friends, is a derriere man's country; at the same time, most of the "Tehuanas" would make the mammarian likes of Bardot and Mansfield look like papsqueaks. Even as the *Queen Elizabeth*, they are double stacked.

But the beauty of the Tehuanas is more than flesh deep; there is a fire within that shines from their eyes and sets a man's glands to pulsing. When you stare at them, they stare back. Their appraisal is cool and searching, as though they intend to describe you in court—or as though sizing you up for price.

As I soon learned, the working girls don't work at love—they're for free, unless you care to present them with a token of your appreciation. Nor do they take you into court on breach of promise or paternity suits. Their fathers shoot you. But more about that, later.

I set up my research HQ at the Hotel Tehuantepec, main drain in this reputed sink of iniquity. On the outskirts of town—a pretty little community that looks like something left over from a John Huston movie—the hotel and its gardens are attractive even without the girls. But they're all over the place—beautiful waitresses in traditional native costumes including yards of gold coin necklaces strung around their necks; servant girls

and chamber maids; and the partrician guests.

I can tell you that any but the most discreet fraternization on the part of these gals is frowned upon by both management and government—*officially*. I can also tell you that the Tehuantepecans know a good thing when they see it, and it's a good thing they've got that Legend going for them. It invites what few rich tourists find their way to this pretty land, and without it even fewer would stay very long. As a result, officialdom turns its winking eye away from the kind of camaraderie that I experienced at the hotel during my first three days there.

The first day was spent reconnoitering. I learned from various natives of high and low degree that most of the things they say about the Isthmus are true *if* you want them to be. A middle-age Mid-Western couple on vacation could spend two weeks in the area and not catch on that the place reeks with sex, sin and salaciousness.

I caught on at about eight, the second morning. That's when two chamber maids, after knocking discreetly and almost soundlessly, tripped blithely into my room bearing broom, dustpan, clean linen and hot chocolate. They were cute as buttons and they had that "Look"—the Zapotecan look that fairly drips desire, the Look that pierces the very vitals of a person; before it, you feel naked and defenseless; it says, "I know you for what you are, a lousy, weak, half-ass of a *man!*" It has caused more than one seeker of Paradise to quail in unreasoning terror and retreat homeward with *his* tail between his legs, period.

Me, I was prepared for them. Pulling the bedclothes up to my chin, I asked quaveringly if it wasn't a little early to make up the room.

They said it wasn't, but if I *wanted* them to come back later—

Then I remembered what I was there for and boldly sat up, letting the sheets fall to my waist. They regarded my naked chest quite openly. Was I, they wanted to know, the American writer who was doing a magazine article about the women of Tehuantepec and did I care to talk to them about it and maybe take their pictures and how about

taking them both back to the United States?

They remained remarkably friendly even after I assured them that, barring adoption, I could not take them back to the States. They sat upon the bed beside me. Then they sprawled upon the bed. They played a delightfully charming game called "Hide and Seek," at the end of which there was nothing left to hide. I don't know if they treated all the hotel guests in such a manner, but it's one hell of a way to insure repeat customers. Actually, it is extremely unlikely that the management knew about or would condone such carryings on.

In Salina Cruz it was another story. The hotels there not only know about and condone, but promote, with beating drums and blowing bugles, conduct that would have made Polly Adler look like a Girl Guide Leader. I have read about most of the notorious "sin towns" of the world—Hong Kong, Nassau, Miami, Panama, Havana and the like—and I've written about a few of them; but I herewith state unequivocally that Salina Cruz, the small Pacific port for the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is the most immoral community I've ever visited.

A dozen miles south of Tehuantepec town, Salina Cruz is a dreary place where the wind blows in from the sea almost constantly; dust fills the eyes and nose and ugliness is everywhere. But—if you want romantic adventure in a setting reminiscent of the West African coast, and if you have an above-average rugged constitution, then S.C. is for you.

I found out in two hours that it wasn't for me. For one thing, I prefer my sex on an amateur basis and I like what, for lack of a better word, I'll call "class." You won't find many amateurs over eleven and you won't find much class in Salina. In this town of about 5,000 souls and a hell of a lot of heels, there are 60 whore houses. That's *my* count; there may be more that I missed on two wild nights in the company of Leslie Jorgenson, a very displaced person who had jumped his American ship four years earlier in search of his particular paradise. When I met Leslie, he was about to open a bar-and-brothel in the name of his Tehuana wife. He was the only (*continued p. 74*)



ORGY OF THE DEAD

New "nude" movie proves that if you never whistle when passing a cemetery, it's 'cause you never see beautiful bodies like these in one!



See
next
page

Laid in a graveyard, this story of girl-meets-ghoul is such a bang-up blend of sex and hex, thrills and chills, that you're left as limp as a bedsheet on a perspiring ghost.



Out of mist comes spectre, poised to plunge dagger deep into heart of plump-breasted sexling, while the Wolf Man (left) is eager to prove his love-makings' up to scratch.



The Wolf Man tries to make sure no girl will go home to Mummy. Vicarious thrill of imagining lush young thing in the arms of these creeps is heightened by gals' nudeness.

SEX, they used to say, is here to stay. But that was before it was taken off the back fence and put on picket signs. Today, when sights formerly seen only in bedrooms are commonplace in B-movies, it's getting so the film makers are finding it harder and harder to make films sexy. With just plain sex, that is.

Take the Pandora's Box photographer Russ Meyer opened with his first low budget, high profit, "nudie movie"—a teaser called "Mr. Teas."

From oldtime sex—where a guy undresses the actress mentally—the gamut was run thru scenes of girls undressing themselves, of guys undressing girls, of girls undressing other girls, of guys and girls already undressed undressing other girls and guys—until there just wasn't any new way left to do it, and the plain nudie movie seemed in danger of becoming dull, indeed.

Then came nudies on horseback, in boats, in fairy tales and now—with "Orgy of the Dead"—in a graveyard. Filmed in Hollywood by ASTRA Productions, this movie is mixture of raw flesh with pure spirits that packs more socks and shocks than the average moviegoer would have thought his heart could stand back when Frankenstein flipped at the sight of a half-inch of naked thigh.

Now that this milestone in nudie movies has been reached—by combining spine-tingling horror with pulse-pounding sex—the question is: what next? When the dead have orgies, hasn't sex become a rather lifeless affair?



Showing their outstanding qualifications for parts in nudie movies, here are just two reasons why you will gladly pay to attend the "Orgy of the Dead."



In a senses-stirring *Danse Macabre*, a shapely blonde and spicy brunette do some torso tossing guaranteed to raise the spirits and to put some life into the deadest party.



An Indian princess adds some exotic enchantment to make viewers quiver and the Leopard Girl (right) is equipped to make a White Hunter feel she's safari he wants to go.





"Flesh and bones" is how the columnists would describe this ghastly wedding. On the nuptial night, the young bride tried to lock herself in room, but he had a skeleton key.

The nudie movie business expects to have a box office bonanza with this combo of horrors that freeze your blood and honeys that melt it again an instant later. It's an eerie sexsation as out-of-this-world dolls meet the dead—in living color! Naturally, the plots are all simple. Boy meets girl—boy loses girl—ghoul gets girl.



Is the blonde heroine thinking of the football hero she's leaving behind as she awaits bony caresses of her mate?



A man would have to be in one helluva state *not* to come back from the dead with a trio of sex kittens like this pawing and purring around on his topsoil! Altho kids love creepy stuff, the "Orgy of the Dead" has certain other goodies that make it for the consumption of "adults only."



Voluptuous dancer, in a trance cast over her by dead lovers, wraps spell of her own around newest male victim, as his girl friend hopes the nudie doesn't make him go to the devil easily.



High point of this Hollywood hoe-down comes when sizzling blonde is tossed bodily (and what a body!) into that steaming Orgy pit for a thrilling climax.

NOW!

SEX FOR THE

SATIRE BY MAURY WILLIAMS



LOWER CLASSES

Schools are now presenting a new program planned to arouse the interest and imagination of even the dullest student.

THE newest wrinkle in academic circles is the sudden sex education explosion. And that's not bad. Teachers have to learn the facts of life sometime.

Everyone, it seems is getting on the bandwagon to thrust the bare facts of reproduction and all that precedes it, on the youngsters, who seem to have enough on their minds already. It reportedly was suggested that they establish a Little League Sex Education Group, presumably with Little Around-the-World Series of mixed teams to be played in October.

Education of any type, brings with it many problems. Who is qualified to teach boys and girls about birds and bees? And when the kiddies learn the bald truth about sex will their psyches be so warped that they'll throw rocks at any birds or bees which might cross their paths?

Are teachers emotionally stable enough to show training films to a group of 12-year-olds and explain them sufficiently? It all remains to be seen if our public school educators are up to this awesome task.

Notes of caution have already been sounded from some quarters. This official interference removes an area of mystery, adventure and thrill from a whole generation who needs some mystery and adventure. No longer will a kid's eyes open wide as he hears wild tales from the lips of a well-seasoned 14-year-old "who knows what it's all about." A certain poetry will be lifted from the formative years of the child whose sweaty hands hide an instruction manual for married folks he picked up somewhere.

In addition, the factual bluntness is bound to put everything on a clinical basis and destroy further the romantic mysteries of byplay between the sexes at blooming time.

It doesn't take too much imagination to look into the future and hear Beth and Mike, two adolescents, walking on a tree-shaded street on their way home from school.

MIKE: Hi, Beth, may I carry your books home?

BETH: Not a chance. We've just learned that book-carrying is only a subterfuge for a deep-seated erotic drive, which though perfectly normal, is not acceptable to me at this particular juncture of my adolescence.

MIKE: I'm hip. We got that today too, from Miss Karezza. She made us do 400 words on the Sexual Significance of the Salisbury Steak.

BETH: I have to do a report tonight on "Through the Erogenous Zones With Wine and Soft Music." What a drag!

MIKE: Yeah, that's a badge-bender! It'll take you all night. I was hoping we could sneak out in your backyard later and bone up on foreplay.

BETH: Not a chance. Miss Maraichinage said such exploratory stimulation without attainment is disruptive.

MIKE: Call it experience. Besides, what does she know about it?

BETH: You kidding? She's been divorced *three* times! Besides, I have to study up on the hidden eroticism of tattooing.

MIKE: We had that last month. A big fat broad came in with the entire version of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm tattooed on her body. Then she went on a diet. She lost the last two chapters and I never did find out how it turned out.

BETH: She ended up having a baby and, as an ironic note, flunked her sex education class.

MIKE: Now we're back on the same old drivel. Voluptuous sensations. Multiple climaxes. Simultaneous culminations.

BETH: What a drag. We have fetishes and clitoral excitation.

MIKE: Beauty! That's what I was hoping to take, but Miss Whipster, who teaches that, had an accident. She was doing research on a sexual athleticism project and fell out of bed. Broke her back in three places. The bedroom, hall and kitchen.

BETH: Shame. And just when the weather is turning warm, too.

MIKE: Yes. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of attaining erotic maturity.

BETH: But soon it will be summer. And we'll be away from school. And think, next year—high school!

MIKE: Yeah! Pre-marital orgies!

BETH: Prolonged relations!!

MIKE: Secondary sexual manifestations!

BETH: A full-range of loveplay in living color!

MIKE: Maggie and Jiggs books!

BETH: Socko! Well, this is where I live, Mike.

MIKE: May I fondle you good-bye?

BETH: No. My teacher may be looking. She's over there in the back of that car with the mailman. Maybe next time.

MIKE: See you later then. Don't take any wooden lovers!

BETH: Avoid social diseases!

FOOTNOTE: And so they part. But they meet again by accident very shortly. They bump into each other while sneaking peeks at the teacher in the back seat of the car with the mailman. But it's perfectly okay. Voyeurism is a required subject when they return to school in ninth grade next fall. ●



**THE PASSIONATE PARSON
WHO PREYED ON
HIS FLOCK**

Thomas Lake Harris dreamed up a new religion just so he could have all the women he wanted—when he wanted them.

THE tall, well-proportioned blonde writhed and twisted on the bed as the man's hand slithered skillfully inside her white shirtwaist with its mutton-chop sleeves and lace cuffs.

"Please," she murmured.

But the man with the piercing eyes and bushy beard and mustache held his body tightly against hers, pressing his lips against her cheek and increasing the rhythm of his caresses.

"Please," she gasped again. "It isn't fair to my husband."

"Robert understands," said the man, all the while continuing his lovemaking. "Robert knows what I have taught him. He is aware that every man has a female counterpart in Heaven—a counterpart who may come down and invade the body of some woman here on earth."

Gently the man moved his caresses under the folds of her long skirt with its pert, plump bustle, his moist lips toying with her ear lobe. "And tomorrow," he murmured, "I shall tell him that even though you're his wife, you are not his counterpart."

Now the blonde began a token struggle against the man's fingers which were creeping slowly but surely along her thigh—fingers that moved with the sure touch of experience, sensing their way along a familiar pathway, at a familiar pace.

They were the fingers of Thomas Lake Harris, a wild-eyed preacher and sex mystic who looked for all the world like the mad Russian monk, Rasputin. And

on this particular morning in 1875, he was doing what he did almost every morning, afternoon and evening, when he could arrange it—seducing one of his female disciples. Frankly, he never had much trouble because he was the boss, the godhead of his sex-ridden colony—and he could do no wrong. As for the gals, if shacking up was part of the ritual, they were all for it. After all, they had to admit it was better than stuffy old prayer meetings. And so it happened that on the premise that sex is all, Harris founded a wacky cult of sixty kooks, took all their money and moved them into a broken-down farm community in Brocton, New York. He called it *The Brotherhood of the New Life*, and brother, *new* was the word because 100 years before wife-swapping made the headlines, Harris and his disciples were doing it with a vengeance.

Back on the bed, in the passionate tones he used so effectively, he panted, "I need you, Amanda. I need you in my work. When I leave my body and visit the distant stars I must be sure I shall find you back here on earth when I return."

Convulsively Amanda shivered, then suddenly lay still—relaxed—awaiting his next move. As Harris reached for the hook-and-eye-fasteners on her shirtwaist the blood pounded through his normally white and flabby cheeks.

At this moment, if you'd asked Harris how many women he'd had in his life he couldn't have told you, for he'd long since lost count. He *did* know he was presently having regular relations with nine of his

THE PASSIONATE PARSON

continued

female disciples (Amanda would make Number Ten). And he was doing it for the greater glory of *The Brotherhood of the New Life*, or so he told his faithful flock. But as he contemplated the svelte, nude body of new convert Amanda, wife of new convert Robert, Harris well knew that he was using religion as a gimmick to rack up another shack-up.

Now he held her close to him. "I can see little fairies on your lovely breasts," he whispered. "They live there in their own cities, with their own governments. And they sing and dance all day and night."

She smiled up at him, her warm body eager to encompass his.

Then they embraced—an embrace that was finally interrupted by a dull, heavy thud that split the silence of the quiet Victorian bedroom as a body crashed against the door, splintering it open, and a man hurtled to the heavily carpeted floor.

Amanda screamed.

Harris, naked as a jaybird, stood up and held out his arms to the intruder, helping him to his feet.

"Robert, my boy," said Harris with a warm smile. "Why didn't you knock? We'd have opened the door gladly."

And so he would have. Actually, even though Robert was a bit miffed at what he saw, Harris soon made things right. He explained that if Robert was really serious about *The Brotherhood* he'd have to practise self-control by staying away physically from his well-stacked wife, a suggestion Robert agreed to only reluctantly. Meanwhile, just so Amanda wouldn't wander around searching for another heavenly counterpart, Harris took good care of her . . . along with the nine others.

The convenient part of the Harris religion was that Harris had as little competition as he wanted because, according to his rules, his disciples couldn't have any sex relations unless Harris gave them permission to indulge. And sometimes he never gave them permission, especially if they were men who happened to be interested in the same gals he was interested in.

It all started in New York City

one Sunday morning in 1859, when, from the pulpit of his church, Harris announced that he had accepted an invitation to preach in England. The slender, brown-eyed brunette who waited for him at the church door introduced herself as Miss Jane Lee Waring, daughter of a prominent socialite family, a gal with a tidy fortune in her own name and a yen to disgrace her ancestors by becoming Harris' first big-time disciple.

Harris and Jane began spending a good deal of time together, with the usual results. One day Harris told Jane about his weird doctrine of *The Breath*.

"It is the same breath that God, at this very moment, is breathing into *His* lungs," Harris explained, "and a person must *have* it, otherwise he cannot search for his counterpart."

"How does one get *The Breath*?"

"I grant it. I alone."

"And do you grant the breath to me, Reverend Harris?" Jane asked, batting her pretty eyelashes.

For a moment Harris studied her ample curves, evaluating them like a judge of horseflesh. Then he nodded.

"Take this, then," Jane said, thrusting a piece of paper into his hand.

It was a check for \$75,000. "It will help you in your work."

"It will, indeed," Harris replied. "Bless you, my dear."

Not too long after, Harris, who was already married, introduced Jane into his household as a sort of Number Two Wife, a title she felt she deserved because Harris was using her money to set up the first *Brotherhood of the New Life* colony at Wassaic, New York.

On a warm June day in 1861, on the Brotherhood's rag-bag farm acreage, Harris was standing at the door of a broken-down shed where some of the longhaired brethren were busily engaged in what was the colony's only income-producing activity — winemaking. Presently his eyes wandered from the wine to the angular torso of an approaching female. The torso was both attractive and unfamiliar to him, and for approximately ten seconds Harris watched its graceful, undulating motion without once raising his eyes to see whose it was. When he finally did, he was aware of Emily, a well-stacked widow from Chicago who had recently arrived and was being oriented into the *New Life*

by Jane Waring. Now, however, Emily was alone and as she came to a halt at Harris' side he resisted the temptation to pat her bustle. Instead, he placed a lecherous hand on her shoulder and fixed her with his hypnotic stare.

"What can I do for you, my child?" he asked in his seductive voice.

"There is something I'm not clear about, Dr. Harris."

"Call me Father Faithful," he replied, stroking her arm. "Now, just exactly what don't you understand?"

"I'm puzzled about Lily Queen," Emily said. "Who is Lily Queen?"

Harris smiled already anticipating what the next few hours would bring. "Lily Queen is our Goddess—our Supreme Being," he told her. "We all worship and adore her."

"Do I just—pray to her?"

"Dear me, no!" said Harris. "It's much more than just *praying*. The only way to worship Lily Queen is to go to my room and get in bed with her."

"Go to *your* room and get in bed with Lily Queen?"

"Yes, my dear." Now Harris rested his hand on Emily's bustle.

"But what becomes of *you*?" Emily asked, her blue eyes big as saucers.

Again Harris smiled. "Lily Queen is inside of me," he said, "and consequently I, of course, *stay* in the bed. By getting into *my* arms, you get into *her* arms . . . Understand?"

Emily did understand . . . and about an hour later she became Harris Concubine Number Eleven. Her description of what happened is worth quoting: "I heard the strangest little noises in my breast and everything there all day long has seemed to be in flutter, as if little wings were moving, and something keeps singing to me, 'In your breast, love will build his nest.'"

When Jane Waring's money ran out Harris was ready with another nest egg, this time from a pair of British suckers. Novelist, Member of Parliament and soldier of fortune Laurence Oliphant and his mother were so enchanted with Harris they practically pleaded with him to accept a hundred thousand dollars if he'd let them join *The Brotherhood of the New Life*. Harris was smart enough not to jump at their offer but pretended to think it over for a few months. Finally, after keeping (*continued p. 56*)



Talk about a prize catch! Her name is Marie Fisher, and a more mouth-watering specimen even Izaak Walton never dreamed of. If you run across this reel lovely, use your best lines at once—on her!

FORGET THE FISH, CATCH THE FISHER

Do you yearn to make those bullheads at the office perch on your desk and call you one whale of a guy? Then don't flounder, man! Go out and land this Fisher girl—and you'll achieve your porpoise!



Marie, a Maine-born model, loves to fish. She is stacked with bait.





Some girls bait their looks to catch men. But Marie would rather catch trout. Trolling in a mountain brook is paradise to her. Men can keep their distance. "They have funny ideas about what 'spoon fishing' means," she says. Near or far, the poor fish get hooked by her looks, anyway.



Marie casts—and you don't have to be a tuna with a tiger in your libido to jump at bait like that!

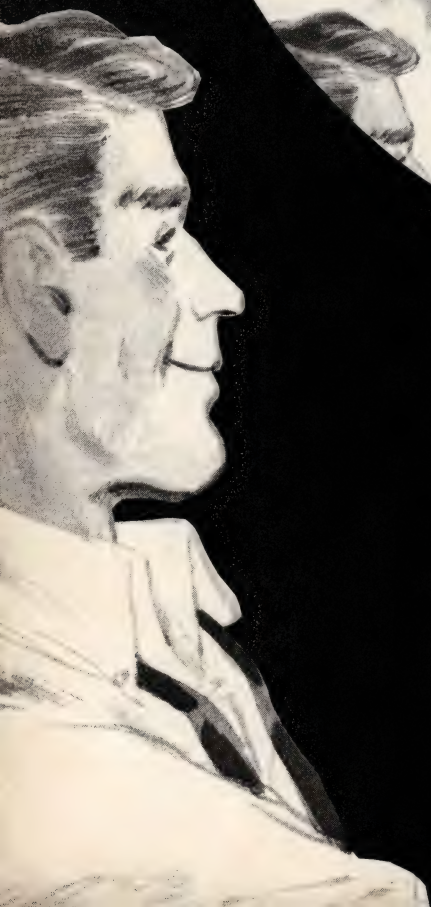
Born in the north country (near Bangor), Marie has become a chic city chick and top glamor model.

After a hot week in Manhattan, she loves to weekend—with reel and tackle—in the Poconos Mts.





Poor fellow! He thought he'd just take a friendly little nibble—and got a hook in the mouth, instead! We hope, incidentally, we haven't got you thinking that Marie never uses a lure on any but the finny folk. She has a batch of boy friends, natch. It's only that, like a true fisherman, the Fisher girl feels that one who has company fishing, catches no fish for company.



Jerry Mathers was no ordinary dreamer who had dull and meaningless dreams. Even Freud would have agreed that Jerry's were the swingiest escapades since Tarzan's first ride on a vine.

DREAM BOY

FICTION BY TED BRADLEY

THIS morning he'd seen her, as the men had told him he would, framed in that window, slipping a filmy bra on, half-bent over, long hair swaying down, a lush dark curtain covering the smooth outlines of breast and belly, thighs hard, graceful, beautifully engineered. Every morning, for weeks now, the men told him, she'd stood framed in the window, stretching, yawning, brushing her hair, flaunting her loveliness, secure behind the moat, the deep, deep moat, of the ten foot alley that lay between her window and the girders of the new building.

Now in the dark he launched himself like a diver across the black abyss and was clinging to the window sill. It had been like flying, a sure confident thing, that leap across the alley that separated her room from the project. An alley he'd never have dared jump across in broad daylight—and *awake*. But now—.

With a smooth flow of leg muscles he was up, one leg over the sill. Another second and he was in the room, her perfume all about him, her hair dark against the pillow.

He knelt beside her bed, studying the dim pale face framed by the long hair. She stirred slightly, as though sensing his dream presence. He murmured to her, softly, insistently, telling her of her hunger, her need for him. Slowly, slowly, her eyes opened, then she was sitting bolt upright, hand pressed to her mouth, hair dark against her pale breasts, one shoulder gleaming like captured moonlight.

Urgently he pressed his mouth against her bare

shoulder, and slowly, she relaxed, not speaking, while his hands moved silently, knowingly, with language of their own. Once she gasped slightly, then she whispered, and finally, her strong fingers biting deep into his shoulders, she was silent. Only her body spoke, a language eager and fiery, a dream-language he understood too well.

Long after, he launched himself back across the gaping alley, raced along the beams, soundlessly laughing at the predawn sky, mouth wide, inhaling the fog-laden air, lungs moving easily, relaxed, certain of himself. This was a dream, and in it he was slipping down the scaffolding, dropping to the ground, then he was running, running, on tip-toe, laughing, laughing. Why had he gone up there? And in his dream he answered himself: Because she had looked at him—and he'd KNOWN.

Jerry Mathers came up out of the deep dark fog of sleep, slowly, swimming up, half-suffocating, until with a jerk he was sitting up, the clatter of his old alarm-clock loud in his shocked ears. He snapped it off and winced at the pain in his shoulders. He swung to the edge of the bed and slumped over, elbows on knees. He'd dreamed again last night. And again, like all the others—the running, the jumping—the girl.

And now he was tired. God, he was tired. This was too much. Too much. With stiff fingers he picked up the phone-book. After a long search he found what he wanted and began to dial a number . . .

"Would you feel better if you (continued p. 65)

"Mother, mother, may I go out and swim?"

**"Yes, my darling daughter, but hang your clothes on
a hickory limb, they're all nude in the water."**

FROM FREE BATHS TO FREE BEACHES

MIXED NUDE BATHING'S ALWAYS BEEN FUN

ONCE upon a time there were three little bares—now there are millions! And that pretty well sums up the story of what's (or who's) nude in the world today. We are literally surrounded by exposed acres of erotica. In fact, not since the Louisiana Purchase has so much scenic area been opened for exploration. With bare and bold bathing beaches like San Gregorio, (south of San Francisco) Insel Sylt, (on the North Sea) and Cannes on the Cote d'Azur, (where bathers from east and west play 'bares and girls together') it's hard to believe that in this day of swingin' swimmers there actually was a time when mixed nude bathing was a symbol of aristocracy and spiritual purity. A truly civilized way of life was unthinkable for both sexes without a study of this art. It had its origins in strange magic rites.

Water, the giver and the destroyer of life, was worshipped by ancient peoples who believed, long before the Christian ceremony of baptism was known, that it had the power to wash away all sin. Bathing together in the nude was not merely a daily routine job. It was full of mysterious importance.

Until quite recently it was believed in certain parts of Europe that on Midsummer's Eve the sun and the moon bathed together in the lakes, and on that night people would wash themselves in the sea, in rivers or naked in the dew, believing that they healed themselves

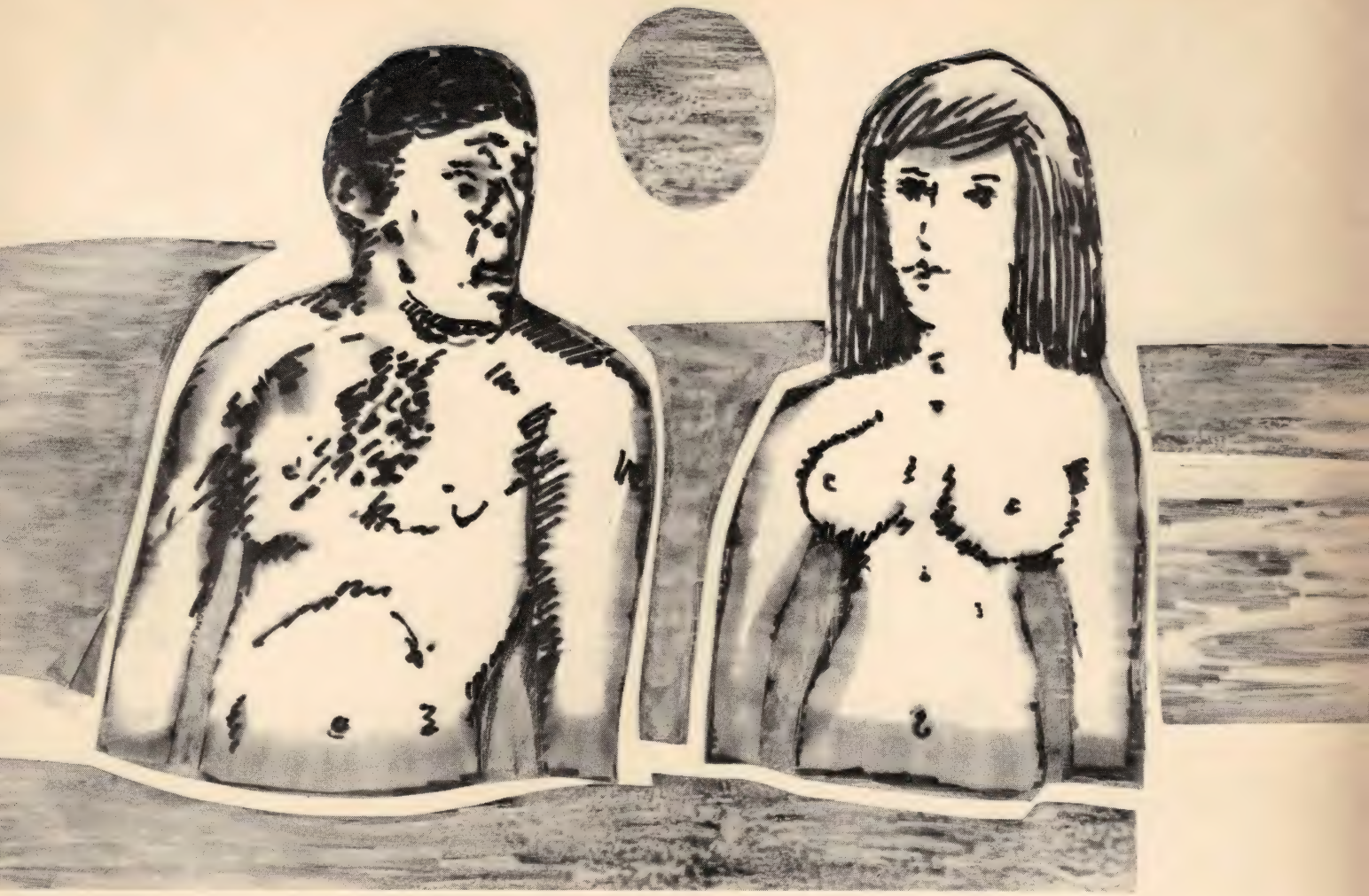
spiritually in this way. Homer tells us how the beautiful enchantress, Circe, rinsed her naked body in cold water to induce ecstasy and dreams.

To the Greeks nude mixed bathing was not merely a means of scrubbing away all outward signs of dirt. It was part of that daily regenerative process without which life was considered incomplete. The act of bathing was almost a ritual. It was preceded by strenuous physical exercise and followed, when the body was relaxed and the mind alert, by philosophical discussion.

Most of the Greek vase paintings show these highly intelligent people energetically rinsing their nude bodies under showers. But they also dearly loved a hot bath. According to Homer, "the things in which we take a perennial delight are the feast, the lyre, the dance, clean linen in plenty, a hot bath and our beds." The baths were big and made of marble, glass or bronze and beautifully decorated with carvings of flowers and cupids and religious symbols.

The Romans glorified the bath to such an extent that its extravagances eventually destroyed it. How magnificent the public baths must have been in their hey-day! The floors were made of bright-colored marble mosaics, enormous pillars of alabaster and rare marbles supporting the ceiling, and the walls were sheathed with marble and decorated with stucco reliefs.

The finest sculptures of the age were exhibited in



the galleries at the Roman baths, and the senses were constantly refreshed and delighted by streams of water splashing into marble basins from the mouths of silver lions.

The procedure was for each couple to pass through progressively hotter rooms, stroking the body, already anointed with oil, with a metal *strigil* or brush, and finally plunging into a cold pool. After that the bathers were ready to watch a play, listen to the reading of poems or take part in a debate, all these diversions being organized on the premises.

A staff of hundreds of slaves, moving swiftly and invisibly along underground passages ensured that the water in the different chambers was always at the correct heat, and barbers, manicurists and masseurs were in attendance to make bathing a luxury.

The Emperor Nero had sea water specially conveyed to his private bath chamber and Poppaea Sabina, his Empress, always took her bath in asses' milk, five hundred asses being kept for that purpose alone. Most people, however, were quite content to make use of the ordinary river water that the aqueducts carried across miles of wild country.

In all their colonies the Romans built baths and indulged in nude sun and water bathing. But as the power of the Empire diminished the baths became notorious for the excesses that were carried on there.

Some people remained in hot water for hours on end, drinking wine to keep themselves awake. Gambling parties were organized, and the baths were the scene of numerous murders and fights to the death between rivals of both sexes.

At last the early but powerful Christian fathers intervened. Nakedness and men and women bathing together was decreed a sin. Dirt was proclaimed holy. The "iniquitous" baths had to be closed.

As a result the Dark Ages for a long time were dark indeed and the bath tub despised as a sign of sensual riotous living. Were not lice "the pearls of God" and a mark of saintliness? The blessed St. Benedict himself had said "To those who are well, and especially to the young, baths shall seldom be permitted."

And this somber dictum tended to be the rule of the day. The poor, romantic tub, even when it did make a shamefaced appearance, was humble indeed, a wooden contrivance that was generally rather smelly and always leaked.

But as the centuries passed by, the see-saw of fashion and enlightenment lifted the bath up in favor again.

The Middle Ages were not nearly so dirty and unsophisticated as is commonly believed. True, King John only bathed three times a year, at the principal festivals. But Chaucer speaks of bathing without clothes in bath-water scented with herbs, and the Order of the

FREE BEACHES

continued

Bath had its origin in the Middle Ages when the new knights were required to bathe at the inaugural ceremony.

Gothic tapestries show nude noble ladies bathing in the open air surrounded by their servants, both male and female, who charm them with music from lute and recorder and hand them bon-bons. Apart from the notorious "stew-houses," a crude form of Turkish bath introduced into northern Europe by the Crusaders, that rapidly degenerated into brothels, nude bathing was an indoor pleasure only in the finest houses. There it was the unwavering custom for the lady to prepare the bath for the knight errant and to assist at his ablutions.

The ordinary people were grubby in the winter, and in the summer splashed happily together in the open-air pools that were the public baths. It was all very carefree and promiscuous. Cleanliness was the least important motive for going. Their toilet being necessarily scanty, the ladies competed with each other in striking headdresses to attract the men.

Eventually the immorality grew to such proportions and the danger of epidemics became so great that the baths closed at the end of the fifteenth century.

Complete lack of cleanliness dates from the sixteenth century. The bath was banished to Stygian darkness and people stank like the plague.

The great Louis XIV only bathed when in love, and a French daily rule of 1640 advises that an occasional bath should be taken, the hands washed daily and the face every day or so.

And in 1670 the etiquette of the day goes so far as to advise bathing the feet. The poet Robert Herrick, says to his lady:

From powders and perfumes keep free;

Then we shall know how sweet you be.

But if the ladies desired to be loved how could they keep free from perfumes when the bath was in such disfavor? Musk, ambergris, lavender, benzoin were greatly in demand.

What of the eighteenth century, the age of wit and reason? Its motto could well be the comment of Liselotte, a German lady of consid-

erable culture. "I have no use for a bath—it seems to be an over-rated pleasure." An occasional bath was neither unknown nor unpopular in well-bred families, but as nakedness was once more a sin, the common tub now appeared in the guise of a *chaise longue* and the ladies would lie draped between sheets, receiving their friends and lovers in this manner.

However, the great health-giving Spas were becoming popular, and in England the people flocked to Bath. But even this was considered not exactly nice.

A Doctor Granville, writing at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, mentions one of these "generalized plunging-baths" in which he saw people of all sorts and conditions "some of whom would set about scrubbing from their hardened cuticles the congregated perspiration of ages, with a hand-brush kept *pro bono publico* on the margin of the bath."

While Western Europe was thus whole-heartedly dedicated to dirt, Oriental people continued to practice the art of bathing together as they had done for centuries. The Jews, the Mohammedans, the Hindus were excessively clean. To them cleanliness really was next to godliness. The Japanese regarded mixed bathing as the supreme pleasure. Even the reputedly barbaric Russians and Finns had their steam houses from which perspiring devotees of both sexes would emerge to plunge themselves in a river or in the snow.

But fashions were changing again and new influences were at work in England. Soldiers from India were taking home reports of the fastidiousness of the Hindus. David Urquhart, the eastern traveler, started to fight mightily for the cause of the Turkish bath and for nude bathing indulged in by males and females at the same time and in the same establishment. He wrote that under such conditions "there is an intoxication of dreams that lifts you out of the flesh."

At the same time the Industrial Revolution in Europe and the New World was spreading grime and disease among the people. The cholera epidemics of the early nineteenth century terrified the population and by 1840 the battle of the bath was on.

The Association for Promoting Cleanliness Among the Poor was formed in New York and London, and public baths began to get built.

These were a far cry from the social clubs of Rome and the happy-go-lucky pools of the Middle Ages, being merely corrugated iron shelters divided into cubicles. But the conception of cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight was gradually spreading and before long most Victorian families had their hip baths, or sitz baths, or cold showers.

For a very long time communal cleanliness was an exclusively upper class virtue. The Great Unwashed still cast their dark shadow across the nation's conscience. Even when some poor family did manage to get hold of a bath-tub it was said they only used it for keeping coals in. Cleanliness was the reward of idleness, dirt the punishment for labor.

However, the application of native American ingenuity was not in vain, and the coming of piped water and the glorious birth of hot-and-cold ushered in a new era in the history of the bath.

Hitherto it had hung up on the wall, or stood screened in a corner of the bedroom. Now it was important—it had a room of its own. Mass production in the 1920's cut its costs, and before long half the nation possessed a cramped but useful porcelain tub.

Today the aesthetic aspect of the bath has vanished. The science of hygiene has elbowed aside the art of regeneration, and the Greek concept of naked togetherness has now moved to another glorious element expressing itself in the worship of the nude human form with or without the trappings of a bath. The cleanliness and the togetherness are there and so, without a doubt, is the godliness.

As the history of the bath pours on, our tub runneth over with rules as to what should, or should *not* be worn when the 'wet set' get together. And it doesn't end with the current trend to "free beaches" where mixed nude bathing is 'uniform' of the day. Even bathrooms in private homes are becoming less conventional and more conversational. Fixture houses are being asked to install larger bathrooms with super-sized tubs that feature built-in seating arrangements and fittings for refreshment tables. Now up to six persons can scrub in the tub. Some even feature adjoining sauna and exercise rooms.

In any event, it looks like the *bath* is here to stay—in sickness and in health, for the rich and for the poor 'till dirt and us part. The soap manufacturers will see to it. ●

She's a symphony of curves, a masterpiece of lyrical lines—yet Ronnie Nagy is more at home on the range than she'd ever be on stage at the Met. That's why her profession might surprise you.



**Would
You Believe...
AN
OPERA
STAR?**



As a singer, Ronnie said, "I am flat." If true, it is the only area in which she is, as far as we can see.

Altho Ronnie began acting just as a lark, she developed into a leading lady—of no mean proportions.



Ronnie is a nicely-rounded Hollywood actress who is galloping fast and hard for stardom — in horse operas!

See next page



Ronnie is the girl that the new breed of Oat Burner buffs would like to saddle up Ol' Libido and ride off into the sunset with. (Did they build them like this in the days of Tom Mix and Buck Jones—or Gene Autry, even?)



Her first Hollywood job was an "easily overlooked" role in an Elvis Presley beach-rock movie—in which Ronnie was one of the surf broads. Her parts aren't easily overlooked now. And neither is Ronnie. In fact, she's more *looked over*.



There are plenty of hombres trying to corral this fine filly and lead her to the hitching post, but none has put his brand on her yet.



Ronnie wants to appear on TV "so people will see more of me." (But no one will see as much of her on TV as you see right here in ACE!)



In her next flick, Ronnie—a topless dancer in Las Vegas—gets kidnaped by a millionaire rancher who thinks money can make a girl happy. After a lot of wild misunderstandings, he finds out he is right.

ARTICLE BY CARL H. SHELBY

15 MILES OF CHAMPAGNE



*Whether you're an
epicure or just a guy
who digs the bubbly,
this essay should not
only whet your taste
but tickle your fancy.*

EVERY pomp and protocol party serves champagne. It is the most sophisticated phylum in the beverage world. The bright, bubbly, gay drink is synonymous with swank and celebration. No festive occasion can do without it.

Yet, most men don't take champagne seriously. They consider it a lady's drink. They accept it as just another uncomfortable requirement associated with the evening ceremony in the best boring white-tie tradition. History hasn't helped liberate champagne from its false tankard of tradition. Literature through the ages has always exalted the wine. Royalty has always sipped it round the palace.

The heroine in the slick story plot wouldn't be caught drunk drinking anything else. Old Salts won't sail in anything that hasn't been smashed with champagne. Every ship launched has a bottle of the booze busted across its bow, the superb christening. Few sailors would admit to drinking it though.

Fine wines encompass a multitude of potable pleasures. They literally pulsate with the gusto of the grape. They are healthful and invigorating drinks that build good blood and preserve muscle tone.

Why is champagne in a cask so far removed from other beverages? The secret is in the fermentation. Wines are fermented only once. Champagne is fermented twice, once in the cask and once in the bottle. Although France is credited with getting the greatest from the grape, champagne was invented in England. In 1639 Pierre Perignon, a Benedictine Monk, in an English monastery discovered the flavor of wine improved favorably when it was allowed to ferment twice.

Perignon began experimenting with grape varieties. When the monk died in 1715, his blend was renowned throughout Europe. Only the best grapes can qualify for champagne. Usually Chardonnay or black Pinot grapes are used. They require the utmost in viticulture care and cost about a buck a bottle right off the vine.

Only the best champagne is exported. France will not permit champagne to be sold abroad unless it is produced within one of the two topographical districts delimited by the government: the Riviere vineyards along the Marne River, and those of the Montague de Rheims region. Hot dry climates with a minimum of rain are best for champagne grapes.

The heart of the champagne country is only about four hours by car from Paris. It's cave country and chalk rock to the core. After the first fermentation, the

champagne is bottled. Then it is stored in the cellar caverns. The chalk insulated caves maintain a constant 55 degree temperature, nature's perfect subterranean refrigerator. Moet & Chandon, founded in 1743 and one of the biggest champagne houses, has a huge cellar cavern in Epernay which tunnels for 15 miles beneath the town.

After the first fermentation the champagne is bottled. The glass must be very strong since the second fermentation takes place in the bottle. The pressure of the gases—those bubbles which fizz and tickle your nose are carbonic acid at work—reaches 110 pounds per square inch. Those corks aren't wired on for decoration. In the underground cellars the champagne is lined up in racks at an angle with the bottle necks pointing down. Despite the armored bottles, many still explode during fermentation.

But the work isn't over. The quality and economics justify champagne's expense. Time alone isn't sufficient. Every few weeks the bottles are moved one-quarter of a turn by "remueurs" or rotaters. This twisting goes on for years. When the desired year is reached, the bottle is opened and sniffed. If the sniffer says it is ready, the champagne gets a new cork and a label.

Champagne labels—like most French wines—have detailed facts concerning its production. Generally the label contains a condensed course in fermentation. Even characteristics of the soil where the grapes were grown are noted, as well as information on the vineyard and bottler. *Clos* on a label means the grapes came from an enclosed and meticulously kept vineyard. *Superieur* denotes to the buyer that the alcohol content is one-half of one percent higher than bottles not bearing the word on the label.

Just when the champagne reaches the perfect maturity depends on the palate of the authority. All champagne is excellent. Age is not the only criteria of quality. Vintage does have some snob appeal and often that little extra in taste. Certain vintages have become legend. Rare years can be had—even back to 1893—if you've got the loot and a few influential French friends. Three to six years is considered the superb age by some. Others maintain maturity takes around a decade.

One of the greatest vintages in history—according to the decade crowd—is 1959. The weather during the 1959 champagne season was considered superb. Some of the '59 vintage will probably be available on a limited basis this year.

Champagne should never be served ice cold. It reaches the perfect temperature taste when chilled. A bottle should not be allowed to stand for too long in an ice bucket. A towel should always be used in opening and handling a bottle. A hot hand on a cold bottle can sometimes cause it to crack or explode due to the sudden change in temperature. That's why waiters always use the towel.

During the World War I era, the American public consumed around six million bottles of champagne each year. Soldiers discovered the superb drink while fighting through the vineyards. For almost two generations the quantity has been stabilized at around three million bottles sold in the U.S. each year. More tourist travel abroad has increased the number of champagne subscribers to a slight degree. Tourists consider champagne—like Paris perfume—a souvenir must.

But the magnificent taste is bottled for enjoyment not display.

continued

He hugged her and stroked her back, bared by the red polka dot bikini she wore. "I wanted to be sure no one was watching. I cruised around quite awhile just to be sure, then tied the motorboat I rented to another yacht so it wouldn't call attention this one."

She broke away, and taking a towel from a cabinet, tossed it to him. "Greater love hath no man; that water's ice cold in the off season."

"This is about the last place we can meet safely," he said, "we can't afford to attract any attention to it."

Sitting on one of the plush leather chairs, she flicked shoulder length black hair back from her well tanned face. She sat leaning forward, her elbows resting on firm, shapely thighs. "I'm a nervous wreck. Did you call Ted?"

Mike nodded. "It's the same old story—he's got to wait until we're in the clear and he can get away with it."

"Has it occurred to you that he may have conned us out of ten thousand dollars? We paid him in full over two weeks ago and nothing's happened."

Mike's hands stopped moving as though he were seriously considering the possibility. He relaxed and smiled. "Well, I admit he's taking his time, but Ted McCaleb comes highly recommended. No, I don't think there's a chance he's conning us. It's just that he's doing what we told him—waiting until we've got an absolute alibi."

She stood up and began pacing the cabin, arms crossed over her full breasts. Her gaze locked with Mike's for seconds at a time and held until one of them looked away as though afraid to speak. She wondered if these last two weeks had been as much of a nightmare for him as for herself . . . and if he was thinking the same thing she was.

Growing up in relief lines, as she had, made money seem terribly important. Marrying electronics manufacturer Raoul Carpenter had been like opening the door of dreams and walking into paradise. Raoul had become a millionaire manufacturing guidance systems for military target drones. During

the three years of their marriage, there was nothing she had asked for which he had not given her. That part of the marriage had been wonderful. Three weeks ago she'd thought it was too wonderful to give up by just walking out. Now she wasn't sure.

That was the trouble—she was no longer sure of anything. They had made a decision, but she could not stop re-evaluating it.

She and Mike had been in love for over a year. A year that had been filled with stolen moments in unlikely places. From the very beginning Mike had wanted her to leave Raoul, but doing so meant abandoning the luxuries she'd become accustomed to, and she refused to do that. Mike was a personnel recruiter with Carpenter Electronics. That meant they'd have to start with absolutely nothing—not even a job.

Three weeks ago, she and Mike had had a heart-to-heart conversation that brought their problems into sharp focus: They loved each other, but Ellen wanted wealth too. They couldn't stop seeing each other. But Raoul's surveillance and suspicions were making it almost impossible for them to have any time together.

One of them, it was hard to remember which one, had said that if only Raoul would drop dead, their problems would be solved.

After a moment of shock, Mike said that a friend had once mentioned knowing a professional killer. They'd talked it over and finally decided to try and contact the man.

Mike had borrowed the fee of ten thousand dollars and they had made the deal. It was difficult to believe the hatchet faced little man with a poodle named Murphy, whom he obviously loved, was a professional murderer.

They had assured each other it was the only solution. But that was two weeks ago.

She looked at Mike. "I . . . I don't know how to say this, but I've been thinking . . ."

The tenseness evident on his face started to diminish. "So have I."

More confident, she went on, "Mike, we can't go through with it. It would be nice to have Raoul's money, but I don't think I could live with his murder on my conscience."

Mike took a quick, deep breath and smiled. "If you hadn't said it, I would have."

"Plotting a murder—deciding to

do it—and actually going through with it are too different things, aren't they?"

"They sure are."

"I don't really care anything about the Carpenter fortune. I've been broke and I can live that way again."

"Then you'll leave him?"

"Right now, if you like."

He came to her and put his arms around her. "That was the one thing I was worried about. I thought maybe if I called McCaleb and told him to forget the job—or hit, or whatever they call it—you'd tell me to get lost."

She kissed him. "Not a chance, honey, you're hooked for life."

"You know, I feel like someone just lifted a ten ton weight off my shoulders."

"Uhmnn, me too," she murmured, snuggling against him. "When can you tell our hired hand we've chickened out?"

"Probably not for several hours. He's got an answering service. You call and leave a name and a code message and he calls you."

"Then let's do it. You don't suppose there's a chance he's already . . .?"

"We'll just have to sweat it out for the next few hours. We've gone through two weeks of this, I guess we can manage a few more hours."

"You'll probably lose the whole ten thousand."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "I got it on the basis I'd marry you, and it'll be a little rough trying to explain your sudden un-wealth, but we'll manage. The important thing is we came to our senses in time."

"Just think," she sighed, "if everyone who intended to commit a murder had to wait two weeks between the urge and the act, there'd be damned few people killed."

"It's a nice thought," he said, petting her hair. "Maybe we should collaborate on a true confession—that'd be one way to pay off part of the ten grand."

She laughed. "Hey, make your phone call."

He did, with his back toward her, and when he'd completed the call, he turned around to see her nude and lying on a table.

"You could give a guy ideas that way," he said, his hands going to the waistband of his trunks.

Innocently, she asked, "Oh, what kind?"

Kicking the trunks aside, he walked over to the table, leaned down and (Continued on page 74)

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

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Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

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The Passionate Parson

(continued from p. 40)

them on tenterhooks for a suitable period of time, he accepted them, using their money to buy a new and larger tract of land for the colony—this one at Brocton, New York. And as *The Brotherhood of the New Life* moved into high gear, it was plain that something had happened to the little community of Brocton from which it would never completely recover.

As far as sex was concerned Harris really worked the religious bit for all it was worth. And people believed him—especially women. Not only did he have the gals convinced he was God, he actually told them that Mary and Jesus visited and conversed with him. These visits took place during what he called trances, which he actually suffered from and which are now known as hallucinations (Harris had them without LSD).

He also told people he was engaged in a constant battle against evil spirits who loved to pounce on him while he was asleep. He told one woman he was zeroing in on, "Often, while lying in bed, I leave my body and visit distant stars, chiefly Mars, which is undergoing great changes. They need me there." Perhaps they did...but his female disciples obviously needed him more. And so, in no time, *The Brotherhood of the New Life* became one big stud-farm whose prize bull was Harris himself.

Had you been walking along the bank of a small pond on *Brotherhood* property one August afternoon in 1875, you might have come across two nude sunbathers. The girl was 15-year-old Rosemary, daughter of a couple who were one of Harris' oldest and most ardent disciples. Of course, the man was Harris.

"Great waves of renewed strength flow through my body when I am near you, dear Rosemary," he was saying. "I want to love you—draw strength from your young body—make you Queen of the East."

Young, impressionable Rosemary, with her hair in ringlets that curled around her smooth, young breasts, closed her eyes and let the great man smother her with kisses. Strictly brought up—virginal—only her firm faith in this man who said he was God could have persuaded her to lie naked by his side. And yet here she was—entranced by his soft, seductive manner—hypnotized by his eyes.

"I will do anything you say, Father Faithful. Anything."

As Harris moved closer only the sudden rustling of branches stopped him. Rosemary's mother and father burst into the clearing, took in the scene and glanced in horror, from their nude daughter to Harris.

"Father Faithful," said the mother,

shielding the weeping Rosemary with her umbrella. "Oh, Father Faithful—"

Rosemary's father was unable to talk. Finally, he managed to say, "Until this moment, we were devoted followers. But now, we—"

Silently, he motioned for his wife and daughter to follow him. They left *The Brotherhood* that same night, after an announcement by Harris that he had banished them from the colony for heresy.

Next morning, reporters from every major New York and Chicago newspaper descended on *The Brotherhood* like an army of locusts. Was it true that Mr. Harris had raped a young girl? Was it true that a former Member of Parliament was working in the community pigsty? Why did the Brocton natives call Harris' home "The Harem?" Was Harris' wife really crazy, like people said? Who were Miss Waring and Regina and why were they living with Harris?

In no time, the atmosphere was so loaded with sex scandal that the New York State legislature was seriously considering disbanding the colony as a public nuisance. But Harris was ready.

"Lily Queen wishes me to establish a home where she can enjoy lovely flowers the year round," he told the press. And flanked by a few chosen members of his harem, he made a successful escape to Santa Rosa, California, where he set up the Pacific Coast chapter of *The Brotherhood of the New Life*.

On a pleasant day in late November, 1891, the California sun shone brightly through the stained glass windows of Harris' book-lined study where Harris and an attractive lady-journalist were chatting and taking tea. The lady-journalist, one Gwendolyn Terry, had come all the way from San Francisco to do a story on Harris for her newspaper. In addition, she happened to be personally interested in this strange, new religion of his. As she sat there, asking questions and taking notes, Harris studied her fashionable, hour-glass figure, gazing with special interest at the outlines of her well-formed bosom.

"You really should join our movement, dear Gwendolyn," he was saying. "You have so much to give...so much that we need here."

"Perhaps I will join one day," she replied. "I and my husband."

"Ah, yes, your husband," said Harris moving closer to her on the horse-hair settee. "Which reminds me. Have I explained to you the new doctrine I am about to introduce here in our Brotherhood?"

Gwendolyn shook her head and removed Harris' hand from its advanced position on her right shoulder.

"Well, as you know," Harris said, moving the hand to Gwendolyn's left shoulder, "every member of our Brotherhood used to have his or her coun-

terpart in Heaven." Now he fixed her with the hypnotic stare. "But that will all be changed," he resumed. "Everyone's counterpart will be in the flesh—right here on earth."

Once again Gwendolyn removed the Harris hand. "How will this new doctrine affect married members?" she asked.

"It's perfectly simple," Harris smiled. "At the beginning of each new year all marriages will become null and void. And in a special demagnetization ceremony each person will step out of his own skin and will then be married to a new counterpart, of his or her own choosing."

"How interesting!" Gwendolyn replied, lifting Harris' hand from her lap and dropping it back on his. "What other innovations do you plan to introduce?"

For a moment Harris was silent, drinking in the charm of her vibrant, young womanhood. Then, controlling himself by an effort of will, he resumed. "I plan a new calendar with twelve months of thirty days each. The first month will be called Love, the second Adoration, the third Peace, the fourth Thanksgiving—"

On the word Thanksgiving he lunged, placing both hands on her breasts and murmuring strange words in her ear.

Screaming in terror, Gwendolyn hurling herself out of his study. Down the hall she ran, through what looked like a huge shower-room where men and women were bathing nude. Finally, she made it to the front door where she paused to shout defiance at Harris. "I'll break this den of iniquity if I have to take the matter to the President himself!"

Then she slammed the door.

Two weeks later a San Francisco newspaper plastered her story all over its front page, describing the Harris religion as "a new sexology, holding the virus of a refined and subtle sensualism in whose web many a pure soul has become hopelessly entangled."

Gwendolyn's story went on to give such spicy details as the time Harris ordered a member of his cult to have relations with five female members in one day (what the man did for an encore she didn't say), how two members had committed adultery with the joint blessing of Harris and the lady's husband, and how Harris himself was sleeping with every female he could catch, whether of legal age or not.

"Imagine a community," the story related, "where, to ward off imaginary attacks of syphilis, everyone walks around wearing a bag of an evil-smelling drug called *balsam cofaiba*—where grown men and women call each other by such names as Seedcorn, Harmonious, Tiny Funnyhorns and Woodbine—where most of the women eventually find their way into the bed of the leader, there to seek their heav-

only counterparts in his arms!"

The story concluded with a vivid description of Harris' attempt to seduce Gwendolyn.

The ensuing scandal was more than the colony could survive. In 1892, Harris and Jane Waring left California and settled in New York City where, seven years after the death of his deranged wife, Harris finally made an honest woman of Jane Waring. Thanks to several wise business ventures, Harris and Jane were able to live well in New York. But soon, the doddering old religious fanatic developed other problems: he began to annoy young girls on the street.

On a day in March of 1893, Jane Waring, upset because Harris hadn't returned from his morning constitutional, finally found him in the neighborhood police station.

"He took after this young woman, ma'am," said the Irish police lieutenant, pointing to an attractive, young blonde seated by his desk. "Chased her for two blocks, he did. And when he caught her, he tried to kiss her, yellin' 'I love ye! I love ye! Ye don't know hom much I love ye!' Now the young lady wants t' prosecute, I believe."

Jane looked from the lieutenant to her embarrassed husband to the indignant young blonde. "Please, miss, Jane began, "he is an old man, slightly feeble-minded." Now she pointed to her head. "If you could find it in your heart not to prosecute, you would be doing all of us a kindness. Will you cancel your complaint?"

The blonde looked at the lieutenant's expressionless face, then suddenly she turned to Jane, nodded and walked out the door.

But Harris continued to make a public spectacle of himself with women, to a point where Jane had to accompany him everywhere.

In 1906, the man who had been called America's foremost sex mystic died.

Of his sincerity there is still considerable doubt, yet his long career proves an important point: namely, that there is no leader so nutty he cannot find his quota of boobs who will believe him, follow him, even give him all their worldly belongings—especially if he happens to preach sexual excess. This is as true today as it was in Harris' heyday, for weirdies have always flourished in these free United States. Fortunately, our country manages to survive them, as it survived Harris.

The best estimate of the man was written by one of his biographers, who put it this way: "In an America that has had more than its share of medicine men, spiritualist fakers, snake-charmers and rabble rousers, Thomas Lake Harris was one of the oddest oddballs."

But oddballs like Harris set the pattern for others to follow. ●

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The Queen

(continued from p.4)

thing—the sexual gratification of their master. Often the harem of one potentate contained several hundred females. They were his property, kept for his bed only, and obviously there were many among them whose natural rights and needs were rarely if ever satisfied, and to whom the presence of an uncut male must have been an overwhelming stimulant.

So to see that his women ran no such risks, the ruler arranged that his harem guards would be emasculated males under the command of a head eunuch charged with the service and protection of the large female establishment.

Even today the greatest of all charges against the slavery which still flourishes in Arabia, is that slave mothers must submit to this mutilation of their sons for the eunuch market, many of them dying from bad surgery and infection as a result.

There is little need for the equivalent operation on slave girls, because the production of children by them is encouraged. The resulting baby slaves can be sold for hard cash.

It was the painstaking Queen Semiramis, once more, who observed the finer and more subtle highlights of male mutilation of which her successors made full and appalling use. She discovered that when the operation was performed on an adult male it sometimes produced a feeble creature who was neither man nor woman, whose beard began to disappear and whose hairline began to extend instead of recede. He was docile, obedient, listless and uninteresting.

If, however, the operation was performed on a juvenile, it often had amazing results. The forces of growth were directed into other channels, producing giants and powerful men, especially among those with negro blood in them. These males, having been deprived of the organs and forces of generation, tended to be sadistic, cruel and aggressive.

Many turned out to be leaders of normal men. Nares, the Persian general whose armies swept like a scythe through the Middle East, was an example. He was castrated at the age of nine because his father disapproved of the strain from which his mother (one of three hundred harem women) had descended.

Nares grew up to be a giant of a man, a born and ruthless leader with not a flicker of human sympathy or understanding.

It became apparent to Semiramis the Dove that castrated boys lost all sense of the milk of human kindness in later years, so she started the custom of employing young castrates as executioners, a routine which is still in vogue throughout the East. In her day one of their duties was to carry

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out sentences of torture on slave girls and women who had outgrown their usefulness in the harem. They sewed up the corpses in a sack and slipped them into the nearest river.

Even today the Eastern form of sexual deprivation may extend to complete removal of the genitals, since the ordinary eunuch who has been only partially deprived by removal of the testes, may still retain certain qualifications which make him desirable to the frustrated ladies of the harem, even though it is impossible for him to impregnate a woman.

Classical instance of this partial deprivation was the long-sustained love affair between Tseu-Hi, known to history as the Dowager Empress of China, and the chief eunuch of the palace, Ngan-Te-Hai, which eventually brought her to such power. Originally a mere harem girl among hundreds of other women in the emperor's palace, she had been trained assiduously in all the arts of love, but was frustrated to the point of insanity by the fact that she gained access to the Emperor's bed chamber not more than twice a year. On the rare occasions when she did achieve her over-riding purpose in life, she found the Emperor was just a drunken and impotent sot before whom any demonstration of practised technique was a complete waste of time.

This did not prevent Tseu-Hi becoming the Emperor's favorite concubine, however, but both before and after this promotion occurred she found much solace in the company of the partially deprived Ngan-Te-Hai, who was always generous with his favors providing he could expect some remuneration in cash. Which illustrates why subsequent Emperors went to the limit in ruthlessness, and totally deprived their palace guards and slaves of all ability to satisfy the opposite sex.

The palaces of the Manchus were guarded by a large corps of these totally deprived men, who carried, intact in preserving fluid, the severed portions described by the French as "les précieuses," to accompany them to the grave so that they might at least lie complete in death.

In spite of such drastic treatment, however, the recruitment of the Manchu Palace slaves became entirely voluntary and was a much sought-after honor by youths of that day. A youth anxious to secure for himself a prosperous and certain future in the slave guard in Peking, would present himself to the Chief Eunuch. The chief would talk to the candidate and make certain that he was fully aware of the drastic mutilation he would have to undergo. When convinced of the youth's dedication, he would suddenly throw a knockout blow at the candidate's jaw. He then reached for his knife, and the candidate would recover con-

(continued on next page)

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sciousness to find himself totally unmanned and eligible for enrolment in the slave guard.

But this fiendish result of early slavery and a female pervert's spite is used in another manner even today. Medieval choir masters were fully alive to the value of preserving for many years the glorious voice of a boy singer, and openly had the operation carried out when the boy was seven or eight years old. This was done without consulting the victim, but usually with his parents' eager consent, for once their offspring achieved a perpetual soprano or tenor voice his future and their own financial gain were assured.

In the late Middle Ages mass choirs were all the rage throughout Italy, and at one time 2,000 boys a year were castrated for service in them, in Naples alone. The Church never gave its consent to the barbaric practice, but made no objections about accepting the castrated boys from agents. These young and unwilling eunuchs finally displaced women sopranos in the operas of that day, and some could easily out-perform the finest high-singing male tenors.

Previously the mass castration of boys had been a favorite pastime ordered by the Roman emperors, but for an even more selfish and depraved motive. The sexually crazed Roman aristocrats valued a young boy with a hairless face and body, with half-developed breasts and full buttocks, far more highly than they did their voluptuous mistresses. Many of the wealthy Roman patricians maintained harems of such boys for their own private pleasures and that of their friends.

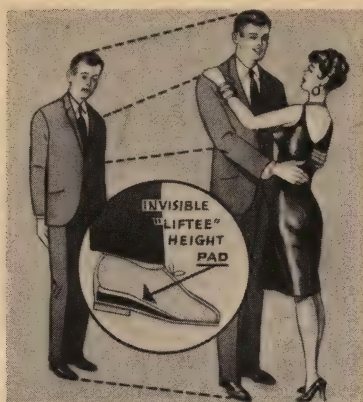
During Mark Antony's romantic and long drawn-out dalliance with the comely Cleopatra he kept his traveling harem of castrated boys on hand to satisfy his lust for sexual aberration, and apparently that was fine by Cleopatra. The Emperor Nero actually went through a form of public marriage with one of the young eunuchs from his male harem.

In some Eastern cities even today eunuchs in women's clothes are much in demand by perverts, and what is practically a slave male can still be bought. The palace establishments of the "deprived" are still considerable in the more wealthy and autocratic Arab states. Black slave eunuchs, normally called "kizlar aghasi" or "masters of the maids," guard the inside of the harem. The outer doors are in charge of white eunuchs, known as "kapu aghasi" or Lords of the Gate.

But in the old days whole armies of eunuchs were employed. The more important Pashas and nobles too, had vast female establishments needing the protection of guards incapable of causing sexual distraction among the frustrated women. Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, had one thousand slave mistresses, many of whom never

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reached his bed chamber even once during the whole of their lives.

No Turkish sultan ever had a legal wife, but the woman whose performance he liked became "Hanun effendi" or privileged friend. Any one of the women of the chamber might achieve these heights. All that happened was that the Chief Eunuch placed the sultan's baton in the lady's knapsack and that meant she was the chosen one for the next few minutes.

Any of the harem women who bore a son to the sultan would receive a bounty, and even any who shared his bed would receive rich compensation. Any slave who entered into sexual relations with her master became important, and was entitled to maintenance at the sultan's expense for the rest of her life.

Because of the unwieldy size of their female establishments and the impossibility of themselves giving sexual satisfaction to every woman, some sultans and noblemen turned a blind eye to the services performed by their partially deprived eunuchs. Many of these half-men became wealthy as a result of the fees they charged their female customers. Some of the more hard-working and capable eunuchs were even able to purchase their freedom and establish harems of their own, the members of which would be trained from a tender age in all the arts of love and then sold as expert mistresses to the eunuch's former masters.

There is no doubt that Queen (The Dove) Semiramis really started something when she began her hate-motivated experiments into the delicate art of unmanning the male.

Michael Caine

(continued from p. 12)

grandfather, and great-grandfather before him, expected son, Maurice Joseph Micklewhite the Third (Caine's real handle bestowed on him 35 years ago in London) to follow in his footsteps. To the elder Caine, the theatre was a bunch of "queenies," a Cockney euphemism for homosexuals. It wasn't so much that actors were queers who wore makeup, as much as it was that any son of his would want to be one, that enraged the old gent.

Nonetheless, after working in no-budget stage shows at neighborhood settlement houses, Caine quit school at 16. He was encouraged in this decision by his English master at school, then typically, he disregarded the latter's advice to be an amateur actor at night and get an eating job days. "Instead, I became an actor in the daytime and found other things to do at night which didn't need an audience," Caine recalls wryly.

But if he wanted the glamorous life of a West End theatre star, the West End didn't want him. He did dozens of auditions but never got a job. The

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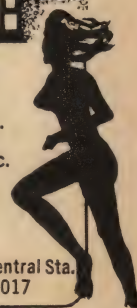
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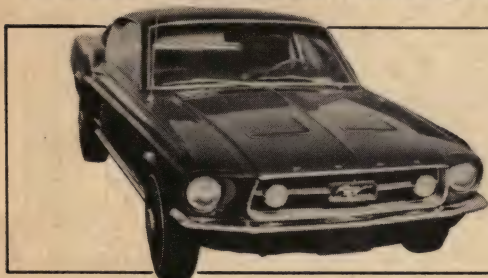
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necessity of cadging daily bread finally forced him into a succession of jobs in which he made a meager living. These included working as a box-mover in a tea factory, a pneumatic drill operator on construction crews and a dish washer in sleazy cafes. His call-up for National Service spared him the necessity of seeking other odd jobs.

Korea, he says, taught him to know more about himself, it taught him to realize the world was filled with ordinary guys, not six foot six heroes all. It was a lesson that was to pay off much later, when, his tour of duty finished, Caine answered an ad in a theatrical trade paper and wound up in a small town in Sussex as an assistant stage manager. To take it, he quit a job in a meat factory that paid more. He was allowed to play tiny parts, which in time led to his being taken on by a repertory theatre in the seaside resort of Lowestoft. It was there that he met, fell in love with, and married the leading lady, Patricia Highsmith.

And from Lowestoft he went to London on the advice of the rep producer who said he was ready for the big time. Not only did Caine fall flat on his face, he also found his marriage coming apart at the seams. It ripped fully just at the time his father died. Caine's morale hit bottom then. He took off for Paris, where he bummed meals, slept on benches and tried to figure himself out.

When he thought he was ready to return, he used the last of the 25 pounds insurance money he received after his father's death and flew home to a job in a laundry. "It was one of the greatest intellectual periods of my life," he said later. "I used to read two books a night between washings."

He was still "taking in washing" when he got his first bit part in a film. He did 35 such bits, starving as he went along; later he returned to repertory in the provinces. He also did a hundred TV plays but stardom still eluded him.

"For ten years I gave everything to TV, the movies and the theatre," he says, "and I never made a respectable living. I did every piece of crap that came along just to make a living." And all that time the only friends I had were not from where I lived, but other actors."

Caine makes no secret of his bitterness toward former Cockney friends, and the theatre. It is not uncommon to hear him described as "a cold, arrogant Cockney, interested only in dough and dolls."

He doesn't care. As far as he's concerned, people who say money can't buy happiness are simply putting out propaganda for the rich. ("I have a compulsion never to be poor again. For 35 years I didn't have a shilling. Now I'd like, in all justice, fairness and decency, to have 35 years of ab-

solute luxury. It looks like he will.

As for the theatre, he says, "When I go back there, I'll put on my own plays. I won't have to kiss anyone's ass. (He was once suspended from films for nine months for slugging an associate producer who started "pawing" him.) I'll buy the theatre and I'll hold my own. I envy no one and I covet nothing."

Caine *knows* he made it the hard way. He lets no one forget it, often pointing out that he has taken on film parts, more established actors turned down because the roles were unsympathetic and likely to play hell with the box-office as well as the guy doing them. Terence Stamp, Laurence Harvey, Anthony Newley and James Booth turned down "Alfie" before Saltzman "found" Caine. Christopher Plummer refused to play Harry Palmer, a spy with glasses in "Ip-press" and decided, instead to go into "The Sound of Music." Caine grabbed the roles gladly, ignoring previous fingerprints.

"What I knew when I came back to work after that time in Paris was that my acting had improved because I found out things about myself—a sort of strength that can't be busted," Caine relates. "That's a handy thing to have around."

It helped when "Zulu" came along and although the epic wasn't seen by enough Americans to fill a subway car, the notices Caine got brought Saltzman, now a close friend, into the picture, with "The Iperess File," after which the "birds" began circling. They dive-bombed Caine after "Alfie" and they've been doing it ever since.

Why do they do it? What has Caine got, in a business where even failures radiate talent and charm, that sets him apart?

"I think the basis of his appeal is a certain narcissism, an attitude that suggests, 'You will have the best time of your life with me, even if it's only for one hour,'" Caine's co-star in Alfie, Shelley Winters, told a reporter recently. "There were always these young girls on the set, very cool little numbers, none of them talking much. They just stood around sending out waves to him. But I really don't know what it is. If I did, I'd bottle it and make a lot of money."

A producer who brought Caine to Hollywood to make "Gambit" after being impressed by his work in "Alfie" says:

"He went out with every girl in town. He's just about the coolest when it comes to women. He goes up to the bar, has a drink and just stands there. He knows they'll come. And they do, almost as if they sense he's got everything going for him, which he has—looks, a hell of a talent and honesty, which is rare in this town."

What it really is, of course, is colossal cool, that tells a doll on the (continued on next page)

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make that Caine will play games, commit many a folly and fall for many a pretty face, but there'll be no broken heart for him. Nor any hearts and flowers music when it's over.

Anyone who doesn't know this—girls, that is—isn't tuned in on the Caine method, a philosophy that doesn't believe in waste when there are so many beautiful birds around preening plumage ripe for plucking.

All Caine asks is that his girls have class and a measure of honesty. The girls he digs most—and who are most evident—are young models and actresses. He likes them for their beauty and the additional allurements that they usually have the time to travel with him when invited to do so. He also likes them acquiescent. "Life's too short to fight losing battles," he says succinctly. "I don't believe in the old-time maxim that if you chase a woman long enough you'll get her. Spend all that time and get her and you'll discover you didn't want her in the first place. Besides, you'll have missed all the others."

As of this writing, Caine's vaunted aviary has a top bird in actress Camilla Sparv, who co-starred with him. The sexy Camilla occupies what little free time he has. Which is precious little. In the year and a half since Caine's role as the bemused, workaday, bespectacled spy, Harry Palmer, in "The Ipcress File," shot him to sudden international splendor as a sex symbol, Caine has appeared in "Alfie"; "Gambit"; "The Wrong Box"; "Funeral in Berlin"; "Hurry Sundown"; (where he used a Southern accent, so help us) and the recently completed, "Billion Dollar Brain." He is scheduled to do "Horse Under Water." Other commitments will keep Caine working at least two years full-tilt—pardon the expression.

"But Mike will still find time to play," a friend reassures. "Just let a beautiful bird get into his gaze and he's *Instant Alfie*. He probably has already hooked his record player up to the doorbell and the telephone in his new terrace pad. When either bell rings—Sinatra starts singing. Just in case."

Caine would never quarrel with this assessment of his sex-symbol image. He feels it has helped construct the New Rebels cogent image of the Englishman as a virile figure rather than an umbrella-carrying, bowler-hatted idiot, or a guy too asexual to be even a queer.

"I try to project the whole idea of virility, which means I love the whole idea of women. My own thing with women is that I'm completely interested in them. I offer them a shoulder to cry on. Hell, I could never make love to a woman in a car, the way Alfie did all the time. My legs are too long," says Caine. And when you make the money Caine's making now, you don't have to 'make it' in a car.

Dream Boy

(continued from p. 45)

were to lie down. Mr. Mathers?" Dr. Traver, the psychiatrist, said, "You look quite tired."

Jerry glanced at the couch and smiled slightly. "I'm very tired," he said, "had a hard night—but I'll sit here, if you don't mind."

The doctor nodded, flipped open a notebook and gave him a quick shrewd glance. "I got your file from the Veteran's Administration. I studied the psychiatric report on you, so I'm fairly familiar with your initial traumatic shock."

Jerry nodded. "A tank ran over my head," he said, with the air of a man weary of an old joke. "It was in the Hurtgen forest. I was asleep—knocked out. I had on my helmet, otherwise—" He shifted nervously in the chair, a faint sweat on his upper lip. "The ground was muddy. You know, soft, deep mud. I must have heard the tank coming in my sleep. I woke up, rolled over and saw it; it loomed directly over me. Next thing I knew, it was on top of me." He stopped and lit a cigarette. "They tell me it mashed my head about two feet down in that mud. Some of the other guys in the patrol dug me out immediately, of course, expecting to find my head flat—but it wasn't." He grinned, his lips a bit white. "The old G.I. bucket saved my life. Stars and Stripes wrote it up. It was a big thing."

The psychiatrist wrote rapidly. Then he said quietly. "And shortly after that you began to have these realistic dreams."

"Realistic is a good WORD," Jerry said.

The psychiatrist studied him closely. "Do you remember what your first dream was all about?"

"I remember them all," Jerry said. "Who could forget—or want to?" The psychiatrist shot him a look, then scribbled in his notebook.

"The first dream," Jerry said, "was in a station hospital in Le Mans, France. They took me there to X-ray my head and see if I still had all my marbles. There was a nurse—" he looked down at his cigarette and grinned. "She lived in a tent with three others at the time. In a very heavily-guarded area, grassy, strictly off-limits to all male personnel."

The psychiatrist wrote steadily, as Jerry talked. "Her name was Darlene, and she was a genuine red-head. Green eyes with freckled skin—a real sweet kid." He inhaled deeply on his cigarette. "She was the first woman I'd seen in a long, long time—" He shrugged. "To make a long story short—I dreamed that I got out of bed, somehow slipped through all those guards, got into her tent, and—" he broke off and looked wryly at the psychiatrist.

(continued on next page)



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"—She submitted?" the psychiatrist said politely.

"Another good WORD," Jerry said. "She was alone; the other two were on night duty. Somehow I'd known that before I went in. The funny part of it—I always have had the feeling that what was happening was real—was *actually* happening, and furthermore, that I'd get away with it. And I always did—."

The psychiatrist nodded and scribbled away.

"The next day," Jerry said, "there were grass-stains on my pajamas and Darlene, the red-head, didn't show up. I was told she'd changed shifts with another nurse in a different section. And that night—well, I just didn't dream. No more dreams after that until I was in England. This time, it was a Scotch girl—."

The psychiatrist nodded encouragingly. "Same general thing—?"

"Yes," Jerry said tiredly. "She lived on the second floor of a dormitory building. In my dream, I climbed up a vine and got into her room. She woke up and—well, there was no trouble at all." He stopped talking and looked at his hands. "Next morning when I woke up in my hospital bed, my hands were all scratched up—and there was a bit of bark still tangled on the button of my jacket—." He looked soberly at the psychiatrist. "The bark matched the vine outside the nurse's dormitory exactly."

"Then you believe you actually walked in your sleep, climbed that vine into this Scotch nurse's room and she—seized the opportunity."

"What else could I believe?" Jerry said softly. "The next day the Scotch nurse didn't show, either. Seems she requested a transfer to another section." He cocked an eyebrow at the psychiatrist.

There was the sound of a door slamming in the outer room—the reception room. The door to the doctor's office opened and a rich, full-throated woman's voice said, "I'm back dear. Oh—sorry—." The door closed and the doctor smiled a bit stiffly at Jerry, "Mrs. Traver," he said briefly. "My wife is doubling for my receptionist while she's on vacation." He cleared his throat and glanced at his notebook. "These dreams," he said slowly, "you've had others besides the two you mention?"

Jerry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Plenty. I've knocked around—I'm a construction engineer. In college, after the war, there were several—. Acapulco—." He moved his shoulders and winced, frowning. "In one dream I swam a good half-mile out into the ocean one night and boarded a yacht. The owner's daughter—a world-famous fashion designer. And she was more than eager—." He broke off. "Luckily," he said dryly, "they've all been—one-night only—." It's crazy, I know, but it's all so—

true. And last night—" He began to tell the psychiatrist about his weird scrambling along the beams, hundreds of feet above the ground, the wet fog, the sheer danger of it.

When he was through the psychiatrist was quiet for a time, then he said, "I can fully understand what these—dreams of your's represent. They are imaginary escapes, libidinous to an extreme, but nevertheless, escapes from the deeper nightmare of that tank, the genuine horror of its bearing down on you, crushing your head down into the mud—"

"But are they imaginary?" Jerry asked quietly. "Look at me. I'm completely knocked out. I told you, after every one of these dreams I have proof; scratches, sore muscles, wet hair, torn clothes. Something happened to me when that tank ran over my head, doctor. Something that's made me—receptive. I suppose you'd call it. Receptive to some—some emanation from a—a longing woman that clues me—lets me—KNOW."

"And this KNOWING stimulates your nocturnal visitations?"

"How else to explain it?" Jerry shrugged and winced again. "I've kept quiet since that first time because—well," he grinned uncomfortably, "it wasn't exactly hard to take—the KNOWING that a girl was eager and willing—"

The psychiatrist looked at him, a noncommittal expression on his face. "Then you are convinced these dreams of yours are actual occurrences—?" He stopped when Jerry rose and began unbuttoning his shirt.

"I've tried to make a study of this in my own way," Jerry said. "I realize fully how—disturbed—I sound, schizophrenic or worse, but I'm not kidding. Not even a little bit. If you want, I'll take you down to the job. I'll show you the room. The alley—" He broke off, shuddering slightly.

"I'm not a kid any more, doctor," he said. "This Errol Flynn stuff has got to stop. That alley is every bit of ten feet across, with a drop of a couple of hundred, and during the dream, it didn't even faze me." He shrugged out of the shirt. "But even that sort of thing isn't what bothers me. It's this —!" He turned so that the doctor could see his back.

The psychiatrist sucked in his breath and came closer to examine the marks in both Jerry's shoulders. Deep scratches, like claw marks, five of them on each side, as though something—someone—with sharp nails had clung to him with fierce strength. They were raw and sore-looking, and Jerry winced when the psychiatrist touched them.

"They're—they're certainly fresh-looking," the doctor said wonderingly. "And you say she—last night—"

"The worst one yet," Jerry said wearily. "It seems that the—desperate
(continued on next page)

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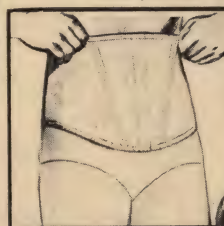
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ones, the really—well—I look at them, I KNOW, and—in my sleep, I go."

"Now Mr. Mather," the psychiatrist said briskly, "I'm sure that in time we can completely rid you of these fantasies of yours. And as for these scratches—you probably got them on the job and—"

Jerry swung around and buttoned up his shirt, a look of exhausted resignation on his face. "I don't give a damn whether or not you believe me, doctor, all I want is to stop this—this POWER, I suppose you'd have to call it. I'm not a young man any more. I'm tired. Completely. I need my sleep—and besides," he looked haunted, "they're getting—worse and worse. Each one seems more desperate, more demanding. Stronger—." He looked despairingly at the psychiatrist. "Can't you see—when I'm asleep I'm invincible—but when I'm awake—I pay for it."

The doctor patted him reassuringly, professionally, on the arm. He glanced surreptitiously at his watch. "We'll have you right as rain in time, Mr. Mather. If you'll cooperate, the thing is half licked. And I can see you're eager to cooperate. Fine. Fine." He pressed a buzzer on his desk and began scribbling on a prescription pad.

"You rang?" The doctor's wife, Mrs. Traver, stood in the doorway. She was big. Even in low heels she stood six feet. Perhaps a dozen years younger than the doctor, she was big-breasted, long-legged, with swelling hips filling the too-tight uniform she wore to the bursting point. Her eyes were electric-blue, wide, long-lashed, her ripe-wheat hair pulled severely back from a broad, calm brow. When she brushed a loose strand back from her forehead a set of rings winked and flashed on the third finger of her large left hand. She was a Valkyrie, heroic, massive, but perfectly proportioned for her size.

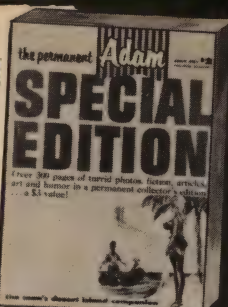
"Oh yes, my dear," the psychiatrist said. "Will you give Mr. Mather an appointment—preferably as soon as possible." He saw Jerry's quizzical glance and he smiled proudly. "My wife, Mrs. Traver—Mr. Mather."

She looked at him, then. Their eyes met and Jerry wavered slightly, then straightened. "Mr. Mather," she acknowledged, her voice resonant, full of hidden power and depths. He nodded, shoulders stiff.

The doctor finished scribbling on the pad and tore it off. "I've made up a prescription for you, Mr. Mather. You're to take two of these each night, plenty of water." He smiled dryly. "They'll help you to—stay in bed. Work hard, play hard, try to get to bed with a relaxed mind and the determination."

He broke off. Eyes narrowed, Jerry Mather was still looking at the big blonde, Mrs. Traver. "Mr. Mather," the psychiatrist said gently, "your prescription."

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Jerry started, his face suddenly pale. He tore his eyes from Mrs. Traver, took the prescription from the doctor, and folding it thoughtfully, slipped it into his pocket.

"If you have another of these dreams," the doctor said, "don't hesitate to call me at my home—any hour." He snapped his fingers. "Except for tonight, tomorrow and Sunday. I'll be attending a convention in Chicago and I wouldn't want my wife to be disturbed in the middle of the night." He smiled easily. "Not that I expect you'll need to call."

"I would prefer—not to," Jerry said slowly. He watched the controlled motion of Mrs. Traver's hips as she walked to her desk and sat down, crossing her legs effortlessly, smoothly. His face became haggard, he licked dry lips. "Do you mind, doctor," he said in a low voice, "if I leave by your private door—and phone you, personally, for an appointment—later?"

"Phone ME?" The doctor laughed heartily. He draped an arm about Mather's shoulders and propelled him easily, professionally, out the door and to his wife's desk. "It'll just take a moment for Mrs. Traver to make an appointment. Come now, Mr. Mather. She won't bite you!"

He was still chuckling when he closed the door behind him, leaving Jerry, silent, staring at her strong white teeth as she smiled at him, and he KNEW, closing his eyes against her smile, that the psychiatrist had been wrong.

She would bite.

Mighty Have Fallen

(continued from p. 23)

her friend would understand. It was important that she saw her friend that night. (She was now leaning heavily against him). Okay, if it would ease her mind, he'd leave a number with Andy for Tobe to call. Her mind was eased. He winked at Andy.

Blake triumphantly steered his catch through the door. Outside, the hot air hit her and she sagged. Out cold.

"Whoa, baby," he laughed, steadying her. But she couldn't see the joke. A cab pulled up and Blake gave his address in the lower seventies. When they got there he retrieved her purse from the seat, then half-dragged, half-lifted his unconscious partner out of the vehicle.

They stumbled down the three steps leading into his one-bedroom place. Placing the girl on the couch he tried everything to revive her, but all he achieved were moans and mumbles. Blake cursed himself for hauling in dead fish. Just goes to show, he reasoned, you begin to slip the moment you stayed out of play. Best thing to do is let her sleep it off.

(continued on next page)

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She looked so damn young and innocent lying there. He wondered who she was. Where from. Her accent was unfamiliar, and she wasn't one of the airline hostesses who made up a great part of the Strip's patronage. They always came prepared to handle any situation, including liquor.

Blake looked at the splash of black hair on the gold couch. Hair like somebody had spent hours polishing it with a slick cloth. He removed the boots from perfect feet and took the girl to his bed. He pulled the zip down the back of the little dress. No bra. He turned her over and pulled the dress down. No need for a bra.

She muttered something. Blake looked at her face—wide forehead, narrow chin—a gently curving V. No flesh was wasted on the face whose nose jutted short and sharp. The lips though thin were soft and those lines about her mouth had relaxed out of sight.

Blake took the dress completely off her and swept the long lean figure with his eyes which came to rest on the two firm mounds on her chest. The sun, or whatever it was that had made her toast brown all over had had no effect on the pink areolae circling her nipples which opened at the centres like little mouths. Hungry fledglings, thought Blake, waiting for mother bird to bring food. He gazed at the chest slowly moving in sleep. The left breast quivered at each beat of the heart.

She was far from being his first nude but he kept looking. Then he felt the tugging in his pants. His interest had returned. He was no longer bored.

Was the sleeping girl responsible, or was it just that he'd rested enough? Blake couldn't tell. He only knew that he felt exhilarated and anxious to satisfy his newly returned appetite. And dinner was right there. But no. No matter what the prize was he preferred when it was surrendered to him. He was a tough but fair player. It was essential that the opponent be fully aware that she was being beaten by a champion. Blake pulled the sheet over the girl, switched off the light and returned to the livingroom to smoke before bedding down on the couch.

Blake woke with a start, as the sunlight struck his face from the undraped glass door. It was time to shift the room around so the sun wouldn't ruin his couch. He was fully dressed. Then he remembered the girl. Good. Nothing like exercise to start the day right. But when he got there she was still sound asleep, curled up in the middle of the bed with her head on an arm. The sheet had been kicked off.

For a moment he gazed down at her then he shook her hard. No response. A dunking in the bath tub should open her eyes. But already his watch was saying 8.25 and his first class at the

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art school where he was an instructor began at 9.15. The girl would have to wait.

During a quick shower he wondered what to do about her. By the time he got to his cup of instant coffee he decided to leave her where she was. From the looks of it she'd be sleeping for a while yet. He'd call her up later. To make sure she'd be there Blake stuffed her dress into the record cabinet. An after-thought was a note under her purse, "Will call you—C.B." He grabbed his tweed jacket from the hanger.

Walking briskly down the street toward the bus he practised his favourite whistle. He was feeling good this brand new spring morning. His mind and body were once again in perfect accord.

As soon as he got to work Blake dialled his number, and again at 10:30. No reply. Must have found her dress and beat it. How about that? Could be she had faked the sleep bit this morning so as not to face him. Well, no dame runs out on Cliff Blake, ever. He'd have to find that girl and enlighten her. The idea of stalking unseen quarry gave an added kick to the buoyancy of the morning.

The model he had engaged for the class wasn't too good at posing. She was new to the business and still rather conscious of the eyes appraising her. But she had the lines he wanted the class to practice. Her ample derriere had a peculiar kick to it just before it curved under and made her backline look like a miniature ski jump. Blake imagined his hand sliding down the length of her back and sweeping off into space. An amusing bottom, but not exactly his cuppa. Personally, he preferred the Chinese type of job—flattish, but with enough material for moulding. Like the sleeping girl's. She had just enough material. She was definitely worth a trial. On his terms of course.

After class, obeying an impulse, Blake picked up the phone again. This time he got an answer.

"Who the hell is that?"

Awake she was, but certainly not friendly, mused Blake. "This is the doctor," he said. "How's your head?"

"Oh, you're the funny man who owns this dump? What've you done with my clothes?"

"Dump?" asked Blake. "I suppose you'd have preferred the police station where you'd be now if I hadn't picked you up." That ought to stop her.

"Listen, Mister Blake, some of my best friends are cops. And my friends don't take advantage of me while I am defenseless."

"Drunk, you mean."

"OK, drunk. What's it to you? Where're my clothes?"

"We'll come to that later. Do you always black out after a few drinks?"

(continued on next page)

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"You didn't look nervous from where I was sitting."

"A girl has to keep what she's feeling from showing."

Blake considered this. It was true. He himself had learned to do just that. But it seemed to come naturally with women. More than once, even when the girl he'd conquered acted beaten, he had realized that somewhere inside her she was feeling differently. No obvious sign really; just a certain light in her eyes maybe, an air of possessiveness—even while she admitted herself possessed—showed that she felt she too had won something.

"I suppose you made made full use of your opportunity when I was..." the girl began.

"No baby, you've got Cliff Blake all wrong. He takes only what he's earned after a fight, and the harder the fight, the better he likes it."

"You mean you didn't...?"

"No."

There was a pause. Then her voice came on again, "Thanks."

"Don't mention. But now that you are awake, I'll come right over and..."

"Oh, no. Not like this. I'd be at a disadvantage—in your dressing gown, in your house. Besides, I've got an awful head."

"OK, we'll meet on neutral grounds. How about Andy's at tennish?"

"Tennish. And Cliff... I'm not really that sort of..."

"You'll find your dress in the record cabinet. There's an iron in the kitchen."

"I was saying, I'm not that sort of girl... But I'm looking forward to the fight. Bye."

The phone clicked. Blake hung up slowly.

Shortly before eleven that night, dressed with extra care, he pushed the door of Andy's Cocktail Lounge and paused. She was there, sitting same place at the bar, and her eye caught his immediately. She smiled and his heart accelerated. A different kind of game was about to begin and Blake wasn't sure of himself. He had thought about her too much; he had become involved. In this state a man could lose and be out of play forever. This would be his most dangerous game.

Blake walked slowly forward. ●

Mistress Swap

(continued from p. 9)

Mama always told me to be nice to good-looking gentlemen like you. She said it's the only way to get ahead in this world."

Her hands were busy, opening his shirt. They skittered through the thick

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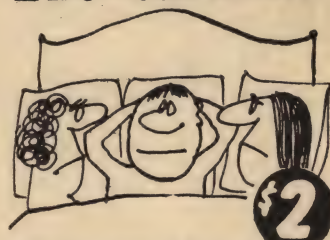
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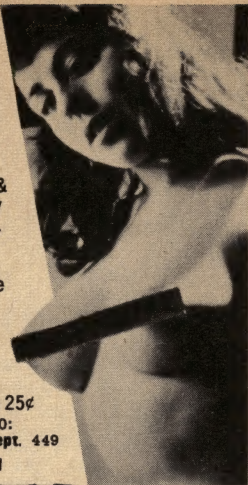


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hair on his chest.

He took her in his arms almost timidly at first, then with a mounting passion that gripped both of them. Panting, he quickly tore off his clothing and joined her in a mad dance of passion on the hot sand. They reached the heights in a wild surge, relaxing in complete abandonment a moment later.

He sighed. Reluctantly he reminded himself of Darlene and the unpleasant task facing him. He rose stiff-legged and began dressing.

"Your Mama was right, Baby," he leered.

He tossed a twenty dollar bill down to the smiling nymph. Turning, he walked up the path to the cabin.

Darlene opened the door after his first knock. She was dressed in her usual attire; a transparent negligee. They exchanged a meaningless kiss, then Mr. Broderick stepped inside the cabin and closed the door.

Darlene prepared a drink without question. Mr. Broderick watched her as she mixed the drinks. Yes, he thought, Darlene was beginning to show her age. He felt empty of desire for her. Not like before, when he couldn't wait to put his arms around her.

"Here you are, Mr. Broderick," Darlene said, sitting on the couch next to him.

Mr. Broderick toyed with his drink. He couldn't erase the delightful image of that girl he'd had on the beach. The mere memory of her haunted him. Who was she? he wondered. "You're awfully somber, Mr. Broderick," Darlene said.

"I'm just thinking about something," "Mr. Broderick, you're getting tired of me, aren't you?"

It was out, and Broderick felt relief. "You . . . you lost your zing. I'm sorry, Darlene."

Darlene laughed. "That's a good name for it. So, you want to get rid of me, is that it?"

"I think so, Darlene."

"I suppose you'll be looking for another mate . . . a younger one?"

"My idea exactly, but you won't go unrewarded. I have in my coat pocket a check made out to you for \$2,500."

Darlene planted a moist kiss on Mr. Broderick's cheek. "You're a sweet and good and considerate man, Mr. Broderick, I honestly enjoyed having you around."

"I enjoyed coming here, of course." Mr. Broderick thought it was time he changed the subject. "What are you going to do with the money, if you don't mind telling me?"

"I'll go to Atlantic City, where all the old people go for a long vacation."

"Back there again?"

"This time I'll enjoy myself."

"Didn't you enjoy yourself the last time you were there?"

"Heavens, no!"

(continued on next page)

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(continued from p. 73)

"I don't understand," said Mr. Broderick.

"Of course not—you didn't know."

"Know what?"

A taut, teasing smile crept over Darlene's face. "Did you see a girl on the beach when you drove up?"

Mr. Broderick jumped to his feet, speechless. "That . . . that . . ."

"Yes . . . she's our daughter. She's going into business for herself in town. She'll make enough to keep both of us living in high style." She snickered, "Why what's the matter, Mr. Broderick? You don't look so good."

Mr. Broderick didn't answer. ●

Sexy Senioritas

(continued from p. 30)

American I saw in town and I can understand why.

"I fought in Korea, got myself shot up and what did my country do for me?" mused Leslie over his seventh beer in as many brothels. "They gave me a lousy \$100 a month and told me to live on it! My nerves are shot so I can't hold down a job and I can't live on a lousy hundred bucks. So I came down here when I found I couldn't stand a ship's discipline. Man, here I live like a king—and when I open my little place I'll have all the goddam liquor and women I want—for free!"

Well, each to his own taste—and what is heaven to Leslie Jorgenson would be hell for the chaps in my set. I got out as soon as I counted those whore houses. Anyway, it's there if you want it.

So is Juchitan. I found it only after I had driven all the way across Mexico to the Gulf, then halfway back again. The village, small and set like a jewel among the hills and jungle valleys, is almost never seen by tourists—they drive through it too fast on the way to Guatemala. Paradise was not in Tehuantepec, certainly not in Salina Cruz—and maybe not in Tehuantepec at all.

As I reach this point, I wonder if I've said all I have to say. I think so. Summing up, it seems that for the Leslie Jorgensons of the world, Tehuantepec offers all they need—or think they need. For the casual bachelor vacationist, the place is charming and memorable, and good for a small-bore adventure *provided caution is the watchword*.

But, Paradise? No. Not even with a lower case p. Let's say the Legend is about thirty percent true, and that's quite a bit if you can handle it; after all, thirty percent of paradise is about all most of us might expect to see—in this world or the next. So go down for a quick look if you like—you can have a two-week ball for less than \$500 including air fare—and after the ball is over come back home.

You'll find that the grass may not be greener, but it stays fresh a lot longer. ●

Urge and the Act

(continued from p. 54)

and kissed her taut, warm stomach. "All kinds, I'd rather show than tell, though."

"Please do," she said. "Slow and deep, darling." Her slender body stiffened and arched upward, a soft moan of pleasure echoing through the cabin.

*

The dials and switches of the electronic unit in the attache case were reflected on the mirrored lenses of the sun glasses. The man's pudgy white hand moved nervously over the switches. "On my own boat," he mumbled, "thought you were safe, eh? Can't take that from you, dear, oh, no, indeed. And no divorce settlement for you either." His thick lips became wet. "Ah, yes, all ready now—unit in position . . ." His finger smashed down on the button marked *drone destruction*.

As he raised his head, Avalon harbor became like a scene shown in brilliant focus on two tiny television screens. In the center of each lens of the sunglasses, there was a flash of orange fire as the yacht blew up. The thick wet lips spread in a smile of satisfaction.

Startled by the explosion, the man walking his poodle looked toward the anchored boats and saw the remains of one of them on fire and sinking. He bit his lower lip and his small, hawk face had the appearance of being pinched by momentary pain. He looked toward the blue Volkswagen. Tugging at the poodle's leash, he strolled toward the car.

"Quite an explosion," he said to the driver.

Locking the attache case, the driver glanced at the younger man and, as though reassured, said, "Yes—yes, indeed. I understand they use butane fuel aboard those boats and, well, accidents will happen."

"I wonder if anyone was aboard?" the man with the poodle inquired, leaning forward, as though for a friendly chat.

"Oh, very unlikely, off season, you know. Spontaneous combustion would be my guess."

They both watched the fire boat, siren wailing, cut across the harbor to the site of the explosion. The few people on the beach gathered for a better look, and others streamed out of the shops and hotels.

The young man straightened up and turned away from the car. "Well, see you around," he said.

The man behind the wheel of the Volkswagen appeared to have fallen asleep and did not reply.

Some distance from the car, the young man paused to look again at the commotion still going on at the waterfront. Two bodies had been pulled from the water and were be-

ing wrapped in canvas. The young man looked down at his poodle and said, "They wanted me to wait until they had an alibi, well, boy, now they've got the greatest alibi anyone ever had. Come on, we've earned our ten thousand. Let's go home, Murphy."

Something For Nothing

(continued from p. 6)

gold florins he had promised her. As he gave the money to her, Gulfardo said: "Give this money to your husband when he returns from his trip. I owe it to him."

Madonna Ambrugia, thinking that Gulfardo spoke these words only for the benefit of his friend, so that that person would not know it was in payment for her body, nodded eagerly and said to Gulfardo: "I will give it to my husband upon his return from Genoa."

When each party was satisfied that all conditions of the liason had been met, the lady led Gulfardo to her bedroom and let him do with her as he pleased. Gulfardo, taking full advantage of the situation satisfied himself upon her person all that night, and for as many nights as her husband remained away from home.

When the merchant finally returned from Genoa, Gulfardo hastened to greet him, anxious to set right the loan he had made from his friend Guasparruolo. Finding the lady, Madonna Ambrugia, with her husband when he arrived, Gulfardo spoke up loudly so that she might hear his words.

"Guasparruolo," he said. "I did not require the two hundred gold florins I borrowed from you and so hurried to return them to you. But, finding that you had gone to Genoa, I gave them to your wife. Therefore my debt to you is cancelled."

Guasperruolo, suspecting nothing, pleasantly inquired of his wife if what Gulfardo said was in fact the truth. The good lady, seeing Gulfardo's friend and witness standing by his side, could only answer that what Gulfardo said was, in fact, the truth. He handed her the money.

"Then all is well!" cried Guasparruolo. "Gulfardo, my friend, you have repaid the money and your debt is cancelled."

Gulfardo waited only long enough to see the deceitful lady hand the money over to her husband, grim-lipped but daring not to speak further. Gulfardo then took his leave, chuckling to himself, relishing the knowledge that he had had his way with the wicked and greedy woman and—most important, considering a soldier's meager pay—it had not cost him a cent of his own money!

But a costly lesson indeed for a wicked woman who sold her honor and self respect for *nothing*. ●



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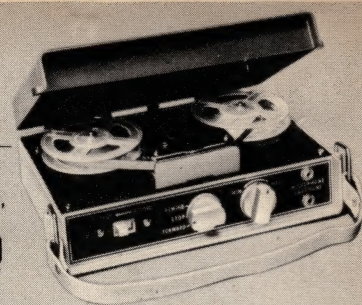
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